

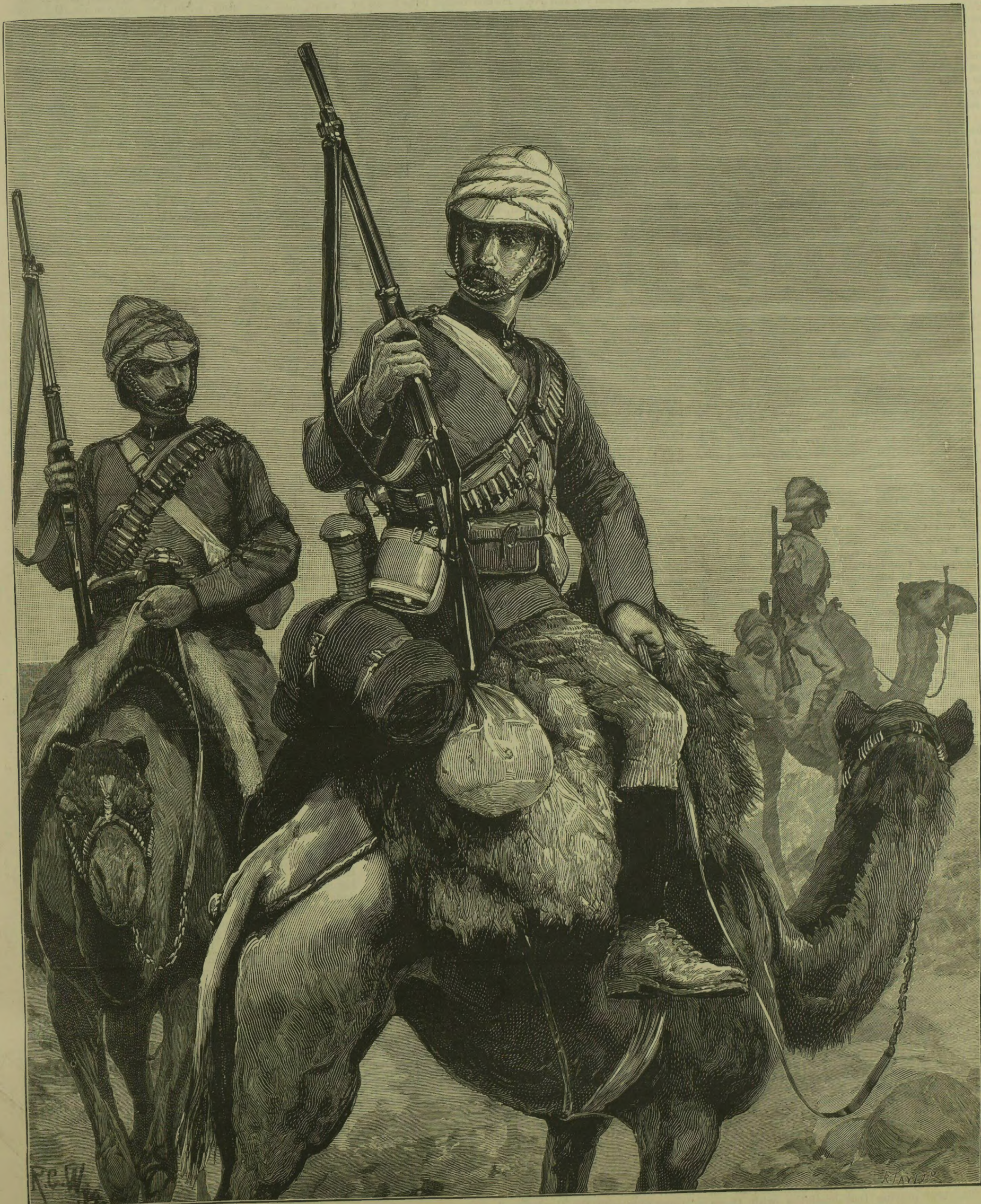
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THE CAMEL CORPS FOR THE NILE EXPEDITION.



"In this age," said Southey, "when a person of any notoriety dies they lose as little time in making a book of him as they used to do in making a mummy." This is even truer now than when the statement was made, some sixty years ago. The bookmaker follows the undertaker like the funeral baked meats which coldly furnished forth the marriage-table of Hamlet's mother. There are, however, notable exceptions to the rule, and this week Mr. Traill gives to the public the first biography of S. T. Coleridge hitherto published. In saying this, we do not forget Gillman's abortive attempt, which, as Christopher North said, was deadlier than a door-nail; nor the brief biography prefixed to a recent edition of the poet's works. Mr. Traill's critical life, short though it must necessarily be, will give an independent estimate of a consummate poet and of a Christian philosopher whose influence on the thought of the age has been largely felt. To judge of Coleridge fairly and generously will need sympathy as well as knowledge. Some day, the subject may be treated on the scale it deserves; meanwhile, this miniature biography in the series of "English Men of Letters," will be read with the keenest interest.

The disgraceful conduct of the mob towards the followers of Whitefield and Wesley in the last century is equalled by the rabble who in the present day pursue the Salvation Army in Worthing. Religious processions may be inexpedient, but so long as they are allowed by the Legislature it is intolerable that what Lamb called "the sweet security of streets" should be made insecure by lawless ruffians. Anarchy has been allowed to gain the ascendancy at Worthing, and, it is to be feared, has not yet reached its culmination. Mob law grows by what it feeds on, and it is evident that every successful raid will add to the difficulties of the magistrates, and to the weakness of the police.

Mrs. Fletcher, an American medium, having spent a year in a London prison for the cause, as she asserts, of Spiritualism, does not seem to have had a bad time of it. The spirits brought her flowers, they carried her to see her husband in America, leaving her body in the prison, and had hard work to make her return to it; they gave her pencils and sheets of note-paper, carried a letter to Calcutta and brought back an answer within forty-eight hours, and actually abstracted a letter from the mail-bags in order to take it to its destination more speedily. This was not all. These friendly spirits offered to unlock her door and convey her to freedom over a wall thirty feet high. The lady, however, declined the proposal, and was, we think, wise in doing so.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie declares in his lively volume, "Round the World," that every commoner in England is insulted by the existence of an aristocracy. It makes his blood boil, and if he had his way, "neither king, queen, prince, nor lord, should live in our native isle." Mr. Carnegie is a Republican, and can tolerate no social inequality save that founded upon learning. Unfortunately for the consistency of human nature, Mr. Carnegie keeps a coach, as Mr. William Black and Mr. Matthew Arnold can testify, and if Carlyle's dictum be true, that mankind is divided into those who keep gigs and those who keep them not, the possession of a coach and four makes a difference between the owner and the rider in a penny omnibus as wide as that between a lord and commoner. To see "an American four-in-hand" dash by while sitting modestly on a knifeboard upsets altogether the pretty theory we are all so fond of cherishing, that "one man is as good as another, and a great deal better."

The Germans are beginning to mark their acquisition of Alsace in the most decisive manner possible. The new buildings for the University at Strasbourg are now complete, and will be opened by the Emperor William in person the week after next. Nor is this all; for some of the Imperial family will henceforth live in the town celebrated for goose-liver pies a few months in every year. A magnificent palace is being built for their accommodation, at a cost of a quarter of a million pounds sterling. It will stand in an enormous park, and its style of architecture is mediæval Italian. The excitable French people will indeed think that the improvement of their late property is adding insult to injury.

An unappreciative dramatic critic once suggested that "Hamlet" would be a better play without Hamlet at all. Perhaps had he lived in these days he would be surprised to hear of an innovation not quite so destructive as the withdrawal of the Prince of Denmark from the tragedy named after him. Mr. Wilson Barrett proposes, on the revival of "Hamlet" at the Princess's Theatre, to omit the presence of the Ghost in the flesh, his voice will be heard of course, but he will not be seen. The playhouse scene also will be an original one on the English stage. Taking a hint from the recent successful performance of "As You Like It," at Combewood, the playhouse scene will be in the garden, not in the palace, as it has always previously been represented.

Rubens' two great works, the one of himself, wife, and child, and the other of himself and wife, were purchased from the Duke of Marlborough by Baron Alphonse Rothschild, of Paris, for fifty thousand pounds!

Who, having seen a real live Chinaman, or even a picture of one on a tea-tray, could have imagined that celestial heads supplied Europe with false hair? Now that this has been publicly announced, there might be a memorial signed by ladies only and addressed to the French Chambers praying that hostilities with China should cease, so that there be no cessation of the export of that necessary material. A great decrease in the im-

portation might cause a panic in the false hair market. The supply would not equal the demand, and prices would rise enormously. Wigs are things that, once affected, cannot easily be done without. It would be pitiable to think even of a bald-headed dame who for years had indulged in a new chestnut coloured "front" every quarter, and who set by a certain portion of her income to pay for it, suddenly discovering that the luxury was no longer within her means, and that she had to grow old "in a single night." Emigration to China would be the only available remedy.

Who does not know the pretty little blue iridescent butterflies which figure on sprays of artificial flowers? They are popularly supposed to be natives of Mexico, but are in reality blue Hoplies, and are collected in the Pyrenees and on the banks of the Loire. As long ago as 1864 a distinguished naturalist observed how very plentiful they were in that district, especially during the sunny hours between ten and five. He distributed little boxes to the peasants, and promised to buy all the Hoplies they could collect. This was the beginning of a large business, and there were speedily several houses in Paris which sold from 500,000 to a million of these insects annually. They were then worth from ten to twenty-five francs per thousand, but the price has now fallen to two francs fifty centimes, or about two shillings.

No less than £100,000 in gold was sent out to Lord Wolsley last week in the Australia. It was packed in strong boxes about a foot long, each of which contained 400 sovereigns. Forty or fifty of these were lifted on board at a time in large baskets and shot down into the hold like so many blocks of coal. This money is for the pay of the troops in Egypt and the hire of native auxiliaries. £150,000 was at the same time shipped for India in the Chusan, a splendid new vessel, which, like the Australia and the Deccan, belongs to the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

The beautiful bead embroidery on net, so much in vogue for wedding and ball dresses, is all hand-made and imported; but if workers could only be found, it might be done more advantageously here. It is quite drawing-room work, and ladies might do it at their own homes at remunerative prices. Taste, exactitude, quickness, and the peculiar knack of making the embroidery look as if it had never been touched by hands, are required, and surely there must be some dainty workers who possess these qualifications. Some energetic woman might constitute herself a head centre, and give the work out and take it in again. Skilful hands would be able to produce half a yard per day of many patterns, though of course the quantity would vary according to width and elaborateness. But it would be useless for ladies to fancy that they could do it in the intervals of lawn-tennis and gossip, they must be prepared to regard it as a serious business, and their employers must be able to rely on them, and know that they will put on extra steam at a pinch when business is pressing, and money to be earned.

To our already long list of "ologies," another has just been added, and it naturally springs from German soil. The new science is called shoeology, and its high priest is a follower of St. Crispin. He delineates character after inspecting shoes that have been worn for a few weeks, and declares that if heel and toe have been trodden evenly the owner is an energetic man of business or a good wife and mother. If the sole be worn on the outer edge, it shows eccentricity in man, or love of adventure and an original mind in woman. If worn away on the inner edge, it denotes masculine feebleness or feminine modesty. It is said that practical Teutons matrimonially inclined have been known to submit the shoes of rival fair ones to this professor of "shoeology" before committing themselves by popping the question.

New York was greatly interested a week or two ago by the doings of the Chinese colony, who carried out their national custom of annually providing their dead with servants and food. Every Celestial grave was decorated with incense paper, joss-sticks, and roast pig. In one instance the pig was a whole one, weighing about two hundred pounds, and browned and spiced to a nicety. After lying on the grave for an hour exposed before the spirits of the dead, it was taken back to the family abode, cut up into 3lb. portions and sold. The sending of servants to the departed is typified by cutting out men and women in paper, writing messages and fastening them to the hands of these dumb servitors, which are then burned in a circle of sacrifices, while the bystanders repeat "Here are the servants who will wait upon thee."

The Frenchmen appear to be very sanguine at present about their prospects in the imminent Second October Meeting at Newmarket. They babble of Mr. Lefèvre's Archiduc for the Cesarewitch and M. A. Lupin's Xaintrailles for the Middle Park Plate. Certainly M. Lupin, if any Frenchman, deserves to have a big success on our turf. Still, we have not all of us our deserts, as was painfully evident to unfortunate Baron Schickler at the late First October Meeting, when his "Sceptre" departed—the worse for wear—from our shores.

The Cambridgeshire will soon be upon us; and among the winners of that race are one or two cases very instructive to purchasers who give large sums of money for yearlings. Take The Widow, the winner in 1847. She was, first of all, given away by the Marquis of Westminster, her breeder, to his steward, Mr. Taylor, who sold her for ten sovereigns to Mr. Soames, who sold her for twenty-five sovereigns to Mr. Balchin, who rode her as a hack. She never had a bit in her mouth, it is said, till she was four years old; she never ran a race in public till she was "aged" (that is, seven years old), in 1846; and the very next year, after passing from hand to hand, she won the Cambridgeshire for Mr. Leigh. It is true that, as Mr. Bright said of the young nobleman's ancestors who "came over with the Conqueror," she "never did anything else," at least to speak of; but then the Cambridgeshire was worth about £1700, to say nothing of bets (if

the owner were wicked enough to bet) at odds of thirty to one against her at starting. Take the French horse Palestro, again, who won the Cambridgeshire in 1861; there were serious thoughts of making him into dog's-meat when he was a yearling, and he was sold for the number of francs that go to make up a paltry sixteen guineas. Yet the Germans, of all people in the world, were fain to purchase him from the French for a sire; and from them he was purchased by the Austro-Hungarians. But neither Germans nor Austro-Hungarians had much joy or profit of him. Still, it all goes to show what a lottery is the purchasing of thoroughbreds, and how much more chance there would seem to be of making a hit by "taking a quantity" cheap (with judgment), than by giving a small fortune for a single yearling. No doubt there will be the expense of keeping the "quantity"; but not for long, perhaps—a selection would soon, one would think, be possible.

The parish of West Horndon, it appears, had but one voter until very lately, when that single one moved into another parish, and West Horndon was left voteless. This is very sad, no doubt; but it was still sadder in the "good old times," when the parish might have been a borough and the single voter might have returned his two members to serve in Parliament, and might have made a very fair income out of it.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is a kindly injunction which, of course, does not always bind everybody. For instance, a very well known gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Ward, an almost life-long resident in Cambridge, has just died, and to the announcement of his death was appended the following equivocal remark:—"Although the deceased had a vicarage in the town, his time during the past few years has been wholly devoted to the interests of the C.U.C.C." Be it noted that Mr. Ward was President and Treasurer of the Cambridge University Cricket Club.

Germany has set a good example to our Post-Office authorities, but it is doubtful whether they have confidence enough to follow it. In Germany telegrams may be posted in pillar letter-boxes to be paid for by the recipients. However great the convenience, the system would hardly answer in London, for telegrams do not always bring pleasant tidings that people would care to pay for. For instance, a telegram from a stockbroker that Unifeds had gone up and money made would be gladly taken in, but if the news were disastrous the postman might be met with the reply, "opened in error, not for me." All sorts of complications might arise. How dreadful it would be to be called upon to pay a shilling for the news that your daughter had eloped, or that your son had been plucked for his little go. There are certain telegrams whose very nature suggests payment by the sender, so perhaps it will be as well not to borrow the new invention from our Teutonic neighbours.

The Rugby colony in Tennessee seems to be getting over its difficulties, as the litigation respecting the validity of land titles has been decided in its favour. The colony now consists of 255 persons, and the foundation of its public school is contemplated. The head master has been already chosen, and his name—Thomas Arnold Wise, is suggestive, to say the least of it. "To till the ground and to keep it, is the chief duty and delight of man," says Professor Ruskin, and the New Rugbeians seem to be of his opinion, for they are making a huge fruit and vegetable garden of the 35,000 acres of land in their possession. If Utopia ever is to be realised on the face of the globe, it ought to be on this estate in Tennessee.

Several German newspapers are laughing about the Peace Congress held at Berne last August, and point to the activity existing in the Krupp establishment at Essen. More than 20,000 men are occupied in the workshops in the manufacture of the different kinds of guns. This great firm possesses several mines of its own, some of which are situated in Spain. Four ocean steam-ships, twenty-eight locomotives, and eight hundred and eighty-three railway trucks complete this formidable stock, constructed for the sole purpose of exterminating the human race.

It is curious to observe how badly off the French Turf appears to be for young sires. At the races the other day in the Bois de Boulogne it was noticed that all the six events were won by "Benjamins"; that is, by sons or daughters of very old sires—namely, Well Off, son of Plutus (twenty-one years old); Master Albert, another son of Plutus; The Condor, son of Dollar (twenty-four); Echalote, daughter of Vermout (twenty-three); Escogriffe, son of Caterer (twenty-five); and Salomé, daughter of Macaroni (an English sire, however—twenty-four). Thoroughbred sires, nevertheless, do not seem to live quite so long nowadays as they were wont to live: in 1800, or thereabouts, there were in Lord Lonsdale's stud at Lowther, Westmorland, six sires whose ages amounted to one hundred and forty-four years, and two of them, Ajax and Pleader, were respectively twenty-nine and thirty years old. Lord Rockingham's Sampson lived to thirty-two, in 1777, and Mr. Fenwick's famous Match'em to thirty-three in 1781. Mr. Pickwick's cab-horse was said to have been forty-two; but the statement was made under excitement, and, besides, it is not known that the horse was thoroughbred.

Mr. James, M.P., it appears, is very much attached to fox-hunting, and his "reason why" is, according to the newspapers, "because he believes it to be a thoroughly democratic sport." Mr. James must be one of those credulous people who will believe anything. It would be interesting to know what he believes to be a thoroughly aristocratic sport. Perhaps, football or knurr and spell.

Our attention has been called to a Note which appeared in our issue the week before last, stating, among other matters, that a commission is charged to artists on sales effected at Burlington House. The writer of this note had certainly been misinformed. No commission whatever is charged by the Royal Academy for any work of art disposed of within the walls of Burlington House.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

An esteemed friend, whose politics are Liberal, wrote to me the other day to ask whether I could suggest to him anything "fresh and spicy"—that was his exact expression—to introduce into a speech which he was about to make on the Franchise Bill. "I can't think of anything," he plaintively added, "that has not been said at least fifty times within the last fortnight. Do try to help us out of the difficulty." Now, "fresh and spicy" quotations are not in my line. There is nothing new and little spicy (out of Java) under the sun; but I happened to have brought my "A" commonplace book (not Brighton "A") to the seaside with me; and in the index I sought for extracts under the head of "Reform," "Parliament," and "People, Representation of the." "Aha!" I cried, after a little while, "this will do for my friend. This is 'spicy'; this is apposite; this is cogent enough":—

A bill which only touches the representation of the people must originate in the House of Commons. In the formation and mode of passing it, the exclusive right of the Commons must be asserted as scrupulously as in the case of a money bill.

Mind that! "The exclusive right of the Commons." That contention, I thought, should give the Lords "fits." The quotation is from Junius, in the famous "Postscript to John Wilkes, Esq.," and I suppose that old "Stat nominis umbra" is still accepted, in some quarters at least, as a constitutional authority. But, alas! I suddenly remembered that the quotation has a context, and that such context is an elaborate defence of rotten boroughs. The *de jure* power in the Legislature to abolish such boroughs Junius seriously questions. Away, oligarchical and boroughmongering Junius! I sent my friend, nevertheless, the quotation about the "exclusive right of the Commons." The speech was only for the Local Parliament of Little Pedlington, an assembly held in the bar-parlour of the Unicorn and Spectacles; and the speaker was not bound to say anything about that unlucky context and the sympathy of Junius with Grampound and Old Sarum. All is fair in love, war, electioneering—and the Franchise agitation.

"What is a clam?" Is it possible that so naïve a question should have been asked in so grave and reverend a newspaper as the *Times*? Such, however, seems to be the fact, which has elicited from a correspondent of the *Times*, adopting the signature of "An American" (but whose vivacious style and breadth of information make me incline to the belief that he must have been recently staying on a visit to Mr. William Henry Hurlburt, Cosmopolitan, Cognoscente, and Culinary Censor), a note in which clams are almost exhaustively treated. I say "almost" exhaustively, since "An American" does not preface his lively prolixion by telling us what a clam is, naturalistically speaking. He merely speaks of it as a "luscious bivalve." The clam is, I apprehend, the common name of certain bi-valvular shell-fish of several genera and many species. Thus there are the Thorny clam (*Chama lazarus*); the Yellow clam (*Tridacna crocea*); the Giant clam (*Tridacna gigas*); and the common clam of the United States (*Mya arenaria*). The name "clam" is conjectured to be a contraction of "clump," and allusive to the tenacity with which some of these creatures stick to the rocks.

"An American" gives a capital recipe for a "clam-bake" (unfortunately too long to quote), which the *Times*, still amusingly innocent, calls, in two places, "clam cake." Clam-bakes are the delight of and the occasion of much mirth and festivity all along the New England coast; and "An American" has attended many by-no-means contemptible clam-bakes upon the shores of New Jersey and Rhode Island. "Clam-chowder," in the proper confection of which the illustrious Daniel Webster excelled, should be beginning to be popular in England, since "An American" tells us that "on every large steamer leaving New York for Liverpool thousands of clams are put on board by clam-loving Americans, who fancy life not to be worth living without clams." I have eaten clam-chowder in London. Mr. John Clayton of the Court Theatre is an admirable expert in its preparation.

I like clams well enough—especially the Little Neck ones—boiled, broiled, baked, stewed, roasted, in a *purée*, raw, or in chowder. But I frankly confess that I like clams best when I cannot get oysters, of which the former are the festive but inelegant relations. I gravely doubt whether clams will ever become generally popular in England. You may talk of the spread of Radicalism among the educated classes; but in eating and drinking we are the most conservative people in the whole world. Would Sir Charles Dilke eat whelks? Would Sir Wilfrid Lawson eat periwinkles? Is Mr. John Morley partial to mussels? Would Mr. Labouchere—well, perhaps the senior member for Northampton might condescend to cockles.

It is curious to mark that just at the time when the humorous correspondent of the *Times* was inditing words of wit and wisdom touching clams, there was being flashed beneath the ocean a cablegram announcing that at Shellyville, Indiana, there had been held a grand "Democratic Barbecue" in which some forty thousand persons took part. To the uninitiated, a "Barbecue" may seem as mysterious an affair as a "clam-bake." To barbecue a pig was a well-known process in Anglo-Norman mediæval cookery. The animal to be barbecued, or broiled whole, was first split up the back, and the term itself is said to be derived from "barbe-à-queue." Compare "cap-à-pie."

But a modern American barbecue is a large social or political open-air entertainment at which animals are roasted whole and provisions of all kinds are consumed. After the provand has been done ample justice to, the speech-making begins. A "barbecue," I take it, might apply to any kind of *al fresco* feast, just as the "swarry" offered by the Bath footmen to Mr. Samuel Weller consisted of a boiled leg of mutton and trimmings.

The "barbecue" idea associated with contemporary English politics might have wholesome, cheerful, and genial results.

Being myself connected with the printing trade (long may it flourish!) I should object to politicians holding bean-feasts; but I incline to think that much good-fellowship might be promoted by, say, an out-and-out Tory Tripe Supper (onions *ad lib.*), a Liberal-Conservative Liver-and-Bacon Lunch; a Moderate Whig Toad-in-a-Hole Party; an Advanced Liberal Kidney-Pudding Caucus; and a Radical Bubble-and-Squeak Soirée. Our Hibernian brethren might obviously celebrate Irish-Stew Festivals; and the Scotch Liberals should be strong in Haggis and Cockaleekie Demonstrations. There is no need to give any advice to the excellent Temperance organisations. For half a century they have had their periodical Tea-fights and Muffin-struggles. Think not for a moment that I am jesting. The two most lamentable features in English political discussion just now are spitefulness and ill-nature. The unworthiest of motives are ascribed to the most honourable of men. The lie direct is given every day. Everybody seems to be shaking his fist in somebody else's face. Now, were political meetings to be prefaced by something akin to a barbecue or a clam-bake, I will wager that ill-natured oratory would very soon fall to a discount. There is plenty of oratory after the banqueting at the Halls of the Great City Guilds; but you scarcely ever hear an acrimonious word uttered. Why? Because the guests have had such a jolly good dinner. I use "jolly" in its Chaucerian sense. The less sociable we grow, the more cantankerous we become. Our fathers used to fall out, now and again; but then they would make up their differences over "a rump and dozen" at the Old Hummums. Reconciliation does not seem to be an element recognised in modern public strife.

It is rather late in the day to revert to the subject of the expression "bullet in mouth"; but I must return my thanks to "C. S. S." (Kilwa, Kivingi), who mentions that one of his servants, in describing the march of a gang of slaves, told him that—

The leading Arabs were always ready to take the life of anyone they met whom they might suspect to be a source of danger. That they marched *Risasi Kinwani*, literally lead (or bullet) in mouth. On inquiring the meaning of the expression, it was explained that when an Arab expects a fight he puts a store of bullets in his mouth, in order that, when reloading, time may not be lost by fumbling in his pouch.

Whether this is really the invariable custom of the militant Arab my correspondent is unable to say. It is well worth noting now, when from the military intelligence in the papers it would seem that the equipment of the gallant members of the Camel Corps comprises an arrangement of ball cartridges not exactly "in mouth" but in "bandoliers," worn saltire-wise over the tunic, and which gives the brave fellows, according to the reporter, "the appearance of musketeers of the sixteenth century."

A writer in the September Number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* (which has only just come under my notice) has been so kind as to read from beginning to end (that, at least, I gather from internal evidence) the Preface to a book of mine, called "Echoes of the Year 1883" (a selection from my contributions to *The Illustrated London News*), which was published some weeks since by Messrs. Remington and Co. This, indeed, is an honour. The usual practice, I have been told, in reviewing a book, is to cut the leaves and then smell the paper-knife. It is the opinion of the writer in *Harper* that in this preface there is "a tone of sadness and weary regret and disappointment." Is there, indeed? Did I enjoy the acquaintance of the writer in *Harper*, and were he to favour me with a visit when he next comes to Europe, I would show him the cupboard in which I keep, not a skeleton, but the horse-collar through which I regularly grin every Saturday morning; and I would adduce the testimony of my next-door neighbours to prove that when I am not at work I am continually playing on the banjo or the bones, or singing comic songs. I confess, however, that the gentleman in *Harper* half tempts me to try the Sorrowful line of business, and to sing with Mrs. Carter—

Hail, Melancholy! gloomy power,
Companion of my lonely hour,
To sober thoughts confin'd!
Thou sweetly sad ideal guest,
In all thy soothing charms confest,
Indulge my pensive mind.
Through yon dark grove of mournful yews
With solitary steps I muse,
By thy direction led;
Here, cold to Pleasure's airy forms,
Consociate with my sister worms,
And mingle with the dead.

But away with Melancholy! What does the gentleman in *Harper* mean by saying that in the preface aforesaid I begged my correspondents not to send me "packages of what the Americans term 'hospice'?" I wrote "projuce," and it is so printed in the book. All Down Eastern Americans know what "projuce" means. It is a convertible term for "sass." Pumpkins are "projuce"; so are pippins.

The richest farmer in the world! He was called, I read, Señor Nicolas Anchelena; and he died lately at Buenos Ayres. His property is said to have consisted of one thousand seven hundred and ten square miles of land, on which were one hundred and fifty thousand cows and half a million of sheep. Why, Señor Anchelena might have celebrated a colossal barbecue every week, and never have felt the drain upon his flocks and herds. He must have been richer than "the rich Numenius" that Jeremy Taylor tells us of; for Señor Anchelena's wealth was not restricted to live stock. He had abundant house property in the city; and his entire wealth at the time of his decease is estimated at nearly two millions and a half sterling. I regret to add that he has left me nothing. Miss Braddon and I have been waiting these many years for somebody to leave us a million sterling apiece. We even drew up, once, in *Belgravia*, "a form of bequest for intending testators;" but the modest invitation has met with no response.

I have seen, in the bygone, far in the interior of Mexico, some remarkable "scantlings" of prodigiously stocked *haciendas*; and I remember the *administrador* of one magnificent farm who was accustomed to wear on gala days a *sombrero galonado* reported to be worth fifty pounds sterling in gold and silver embroidery. I was told that on Sundays the buttons of his jacket were *onzas de oro*, or gold doubloons. *Cosas de Mejico!* But the grandest idea of a tremendously rich farmer is that embodied in the story of the eligible young man who, travelling on horse-back in the very Far West, sought and obtained a night's hospitality at a farm-house. The farmer's daughter had red hair, she was snub-nosed and freckled; but she had the heart that could feel for another; and throughout supper she evinced her partiality for the eligible young man by kicking his shins under the table. Early next morning the farmer entered his guest's bed-chamber, flung open the window, and bade him look around. The eligible young man looked, and on every side, as far as the eye could reach, there was one dense and serried prospect of grunting pigs. "Theer," observed the farmer, in a tone of quiet exultation. "The young man as pleases my Sally has half them hogs."

In a curious article on Adolphe Thiers, by the more curious Paris correspondent of the *Times*, I read as follows:—"The conclusion to be drawn is that when you die you must have yourself laid in the magnetised coffin of the Prophet and float 'twixt heaven and earth. This is the only way to prevent the dogs from soiling your tomb." The parable is a coarse and clumsy one; but that with which I am concerned is the myth of Mahomet's coffin being suspended between heaven and earth. Several correspondents have interrogated me on the subject lately; and I have been unable to give them a satisfactory answer. What is the origin of the legend, and whence did it first obtain currency?

"Pray Sir," writes "Olivia," "if you were ever doomed to the fate of Robinson Crusoe, and if you were allowed the choice of six books, besides the Bible, to take with you to your desert island, which volumes of English standard literature would you choose? For my part (Olivia's), I should pack up Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, 'Clarissa Harlowe,' Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' and Thomas à Kempis' 'Imitation.'" What! what! "Queen Mab," "Don Juan," and Thomas à Kempis? Oh, fie "Olivia"! For Byron and Shelley substitute Scott and Wordsworth, and for "Clarissa Harlowe" "The Vicar of Wakefield," and you might find in my fair correspondent's selection a half-dozen of books which would be eminently satisfactory to a multitude of feminine Robinson Crusoes. They would not satisfy me; but I fancy that I should get on tolerably well with the Bible, Shakespeare, Swift, Strype's *Stow*, Bacon, Burke's *Peerage* and *Baronetage*, and the *Post Office London Directory*. The two last-named works would surely incite me to write a couple of prodigious epic poems in ever so many cantos apiece, the first on the Vanity of Human Dignities and the other on the Immensity of London. But an epic must have a hero, you may urge. Well, the first epic might have William the Conqueror and the second Sir Rowland Hill for a hero.

I learn that arrangements are in progress for holding next year, at Bristol, an exhibition of women's industries. The title of the proposed display is rather a harsh-sounding one; but the idea of the promoters of the exhibition seems to be an excellent one:—the bringing together of specimens of work requiring skilful training, so as to illustrate the part taken by females in various arts and manufactures. Side by side with the industries of the day, it is proposed to have a loan exhibition of ancient needlework and other objects illustrating the occupations of females in times past.

Mem.: The "other objects," in addition to ancient needlework, might comprise pickles and preserves, cordials, home-spun linen, stockings, patchwork counterpanes, and embroidered slippers; to say nothing of bead purses, shell-work, feather-work, and "poonah" painting. Altogether, the exhibition should be a very instructive one, as showing, first, the large number of new industries which are now open to women; and, next, the larger number of industrial pursuits which, through prejudice or the jealousy of male artisans, are yet closed to the better sex.

When I first began to look at life there were a very few female wood-engravers, fewer female lithographers, and no female typographers nor watchmakers. Are there very many women pursuing such vocations now? Female clerks and book-keepers were, at the time of which I speak, rarities; and there were, of course, no lady telegraphic or photographic operators, colourers or mounters of photographs, designers of Christmas and birthday cards, law writers, or copyists. And there were certainly no women doctors, house-decorators, or philosophical lecturers. On the other hand, there are, at present, at least fifty remunerative employments which women might very fitly pursue, but which they are precluded, somehow or another, from practising. The Bristol Exhibition should open many eyes and expose many instances of cruel or stupid injustice to the sex.

"In re trap" as a two-wheeled conveyance. A. F. F. (Glasgow), *etat*: seventy-five (your health, respected Sir!), very well remembers so far back as March, 1818, a gentleman calling for refreshment at his (my correspondent's) father's house, near Belfast. He was going to ride to harriers, and when pressed to remain to dinner, pleaded that his "trap" was at the lodge, and that he must be off, or he would be late for the meet. So much for a date; but a correspondent in France, whose communication will be inserted next week, has given me a lucid and common-sense explanation of *why* a gig was originally termed a "trap." The term has nothing whatever to do with slang; it has nothing to do with Jack Thurtell and Mr. William Weare, and it is not by any means silly.

With respect to the doggerel lines (not quite correctly quoted in the first instance),

They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn.

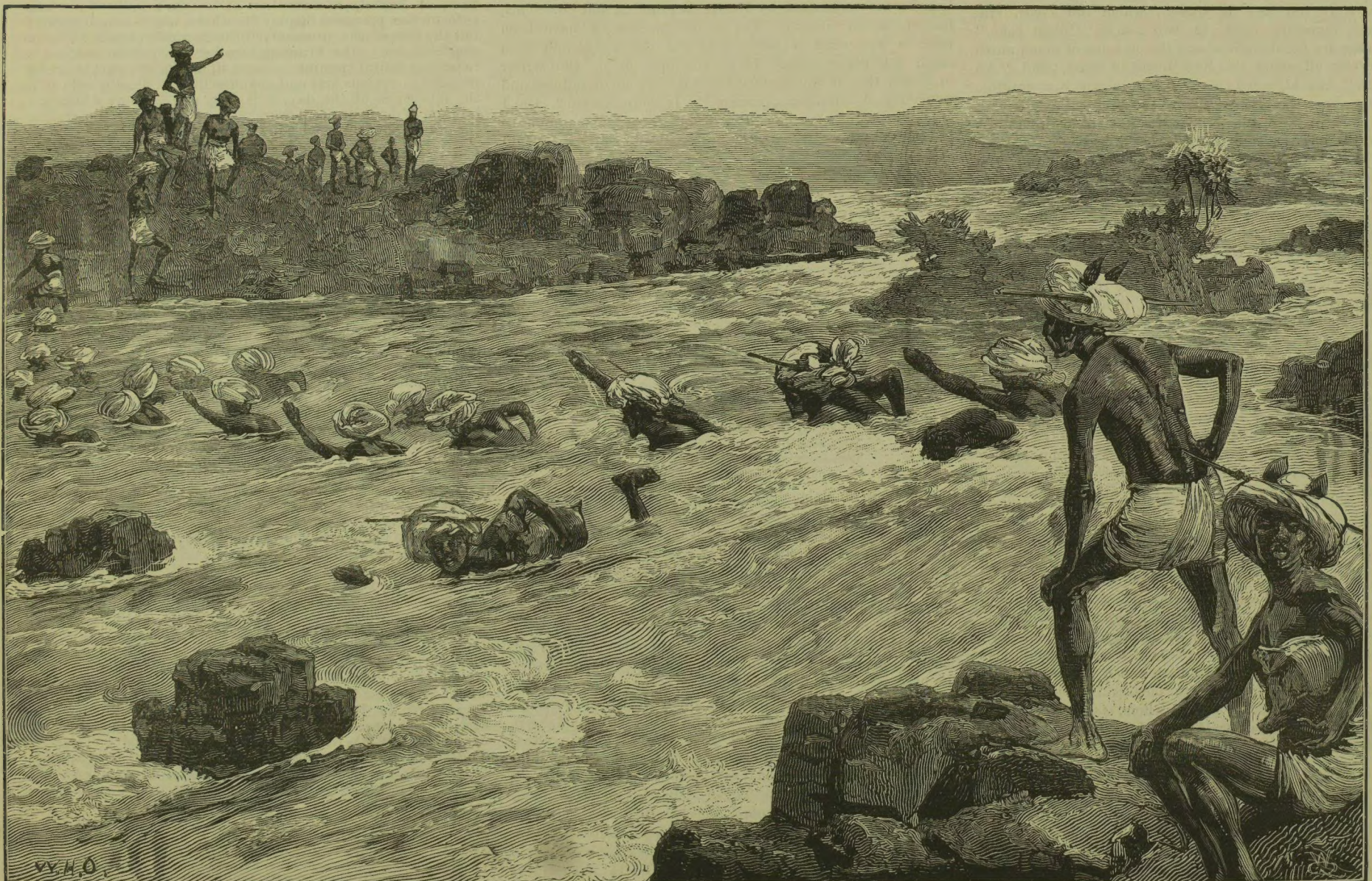
I have been asked for my authority for ascribing them to Hook. My authority is one of my predecessors in this page, Peter Cunningham, who, in the "Handbook for London" (John Murray, 1849), quotes the lines *sub voce* "Lyon's Inn," and gives them to Hook.

G. A. S.

T H E N I L E E X P E D I T I O N .
FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER.



APPLIANCES FOR GETTING HAULERS OVER THE RIVER AT THE SECOND CATARACT.



DONGOLA MEN SWIMMING ACROSS THE CATARACT.

THE CHOLERA IN NAPLES.



WOMEN TAKING THEIR CHILDREN FROM THE INFANTS' HOME.

We are thankful to be able to say that the cholera in the most populous of Italian cities is rapidly abating; the number of fresh cases daily occurring has fallen to little above one hundred, and the number of deaths to about fifty; but some thousands have died, and there were, a fortnight ago, nearly three hundred deaths in twenty-four hours. The amount of suffering, panic, and general misery occasioned in Naples by this terrible visitation is beyond conception; and it has engaged the more attention since King Humbert personally devoted himself to visiting the cholera hospitals, accompanied by his brother, Prince Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, the Syndic of Naples, the Archbishop Cardinal San Felice, and others, courageously and kindly endeavouring to console the sufferers, and inspecting all the arrangements for their benefit. His Majesty and the Queen have also bestowed a large sum of money, 300,000 lire, from their private purse, in aid of the Naples Cholera Relief Fund. The horrible revelations that have been made of the unwholesome condition of the dwellings of the poorer classes in that city have aroused both the Municipality and the Italian Government to a resolution that the task of sanitary improvement shall be effectually taken in hand. It appears that many thousands of families are huddled together in foul cellars, and in the crowded apartments of old houses built in close alleys without any inlet for ventilation, and almost deprived of the light of the sun. The Prime Minister, Signor De Pretis, has emphatically declared, "We must cut open the bowels of Naples"; and has pledged his Government to undertake this work, adding that he will not remain in office unless it is done. The quarters of the city where the cholera has been most prevalent are those of the Mercato, the Vicaria, Pendino, and Porto, some part of which was constructed three or four hundred years ago, and which are seldom visited by English or foreign tourists. The population of these densely inhabited quarters is not much less than two hundred thousand; that of the whole city and suburbs being about half a million. The houses are mostly in a dilapidated and ruinous state, entirely undrained, and the walls and floors of the rooms are sodden with filth, so that it will be necessary to demolish them altogether. Two of our Illustrations show the aspect of the corner of the Via Porto, and of one of the narrow



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN THE STREETS.



THE INHABITANTS LEAVING NAPLES.

lanes, alleys, "closes" or "wynds," as they are called in Edinburgh, shut in between tall houses of five or six storeys, where the air is always pestilential. Those of the Via degli Orefici are almost as bad. In the other Sketches, our readers will see a number of poor women taking away their children from the Asilo Infantile, a charitable institution where many little ones are received and fed, but which became perilous on account of the epidemic; a scene at the railway station, with people of the middle classes hastening to fly from Naples; and a religious procession in the streets, formed by weeping women, preceded by men stopping to kneel and pray at certain places, with a crucifix and lanterns carried behind, and with the image of a canonised bishop surrounded by burning tapers. The ceremony of the miraculous melting of the blood of St. Januarius was attended last week, at the Cathedral, by a great multitude of devout believers.

BIRTH.

On the 18th ult., at The Priory, Ranworth, Norfolk, the wife of George William Danby Palmer, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 30th ult., at Holy Trinity Church, Micklegate, York, by the Rev. G. M. Straffen, Rector of Tillington, Sussex, Lieutenant-Colonel Frederic Stanfield Herries, second son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir William L. Herries, K.C.H., C.B., to Susanna Mary, widow of the late John W. Hill, Esq., of Millbrook, Ilkley, Yorkshire, and daughter of the late Rev. Henry Harris, Vicar of Horbling, Lincolnshire.

DEATH.

On the 27th ult., at The Park, Nottingham, Sarah Ann Mulcock, wife of Robert Evans, J.P., aged 49.

*. * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great work is now ON VIEW, together with Commendatore CISERI'S Picture of CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 26, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.—Accelerated conveyance of the Travellers from London to Brussels, 9½ hours; to Cologne, 15 hours; to Berlin, 26 hours; to Vienna, 39 hours; to Milan, via the St. Gothard, 35 hours; and to every great City on the Continent. Also to the East, via Brindisi. Single and Return THROUGH TICKETS at very REDUCED FARES, and 56lb. of luggage gratis on board of the mails. BEDS against SEA-SICKNESS. Refreshment and dining rooms, Private Cabins, Stewardesses, &c. Two Services daily, in correspondence with the INTERNATIONAL MAIL, and Express-trains. Direct German Carriages, and Sleeping-Cars. Agencies at London, 23, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3, Strand-street; at Ostend; at Brussels, Montagne de la Cour, 90A; at Cologne, Domhof 12; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c. Daily conveyance of ordinary and specie parcels.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route from England to Italy. Excursions to the Rigi, by the Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the St. Gothard Railway. Through-going sleeping-cars from Ostend, balcony carriages, gas-lighted, safety continuous brakes. Tickets at all corresponding railway stations, and at Cook's, Gaze's, and Caygill's Offices.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW PROGRAMME. All the new songs and all the new and screaming comic sketches received with the greatest enthusiasm by houses crowded to repletion. Return of the inimitable and justly popular comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE. Performances all the year round. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT; DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well. Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night ditto at 7.30. Omnibuses run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Playgiam in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTEENPENCE. At a Quarter-past Eight, a New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. MATINEE OF CALLED BACK, SATURDAY, OCT. 11, at 2.30.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place, W.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—The Entertainment will REOPEN for the Autumn Season on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, OCT. 6, with CHERRY-TREE FARM, by Arthur Law; Music by Hamilton Clarke. Followed by an entirely new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled TROUBLES OF A TOURIST. Concluding with A TERRIBLE FRIGHT, by Arthur Law; Music by Corney Grain. Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; admission, 2s. and 1s. Booking-office now open from Ten till Six. No fees.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

Our Illustrations of the arduous work of hauling the steam-boat Nassif-Kheir up the Second Cataract or Rapids of the Nile, between Wady Halfa and Semneh, are furnished by Sketches which were taken on the spot by an officer attached to the British military expedition. The operation is similar to that frequently witnessed by tourists in Upper Egypt at the First Cataract, between Assouan and Mahattah, not far from the isle of Philæ. Several hundred Arabs or Nubian negroes are employed with ropes to tow a vessel through the intricate and winding passages among the granite rocks that lie in the bed of the river. Three or four ropes are generally attached to the bow of the vessel, and each is held by a special gang of haulers, who take their stand at different points, and with much shouting to each other contrive by joint action to bring her head, this way or that, in the direction of safety and forward progress. Some of them are on the river's bank, others get upon the rocks in mid-channel, wading or swimming to and fro; but, for the Englishmen and others who had to cross the river at a wider part, a hawser was stretched right across, fastened to the shore at each end, and a boat, with some running tackle laid on the hawser, was used to ferry them over. Our sailors and soldiers worked very well, assisted by 1500 Dongola men and 800 men of Esneh, but it was no easy business, and took many days. The Nassif-Kheir arrived at Semneh last Sunday; and, just as she reached the upper end of the rapids, one of the hawsers parted, and the boat was swept down the western channel. The crew were obliged to cut the remaining hawsers, and the steamer had a narrow escape of being dashed to pieces. The second attempt to ascend the rapid was successful; but several of the floats of the port paddle were smashed, by striking some rocks just under the surface of the water. On the same day, the twin-screw packet-boat Montgomery arrived at Semneh, having steamed through the western channel, thus avoiding the full force of the cataract. After once passing the spot known as the Semneh Gate, where the river is getting shallower and more dangerous, there is but little difficulty in making the passage. On Monday last a sad accident took place. One of the native boats with men of the Sussex Regiment was wrecked on its way up. Two lives were lost, the rest of the soldiers being saved. All the arms and baggage were lost. The first steam-pinnace arrived at Sarras on Friday week. She had been hauled down an improvised slip from the railway to the river. The task was a very difficult one; for the ground is hard, the drop steep, and the engineers had no appliances whatever for such work. After she is afloat, the boiler and engines will be fitted to her; and it will be some days before she is ready for service. The extension of the railway to Ambigol is getting on rapidly. When completed, this section will be of great service.

Sir Herbert Stewart and staff, with 250 men of the Mounted Infantry, arrived at Dongola on Tuesday last. A native barge or "nuggar" conveying forty of them, under the command of

Lieutenant Tudway, together with forty-seven cases of ammunition, passed a spot on the left bank of the Nile where the palm-leaves and furze were ablaze for a distance of half a mile. The sail of the nuggar caught fire, but the crew cut down the mast and threw the ammunition overboard. No one was injured, and the men arrived safely at Dongola, after recovering the ammunition. There has been sickness among the soldiers of the 35th (Royal Sussex) Regiment at Dongola, and three have died. A soldier at Sarras has been carried off by a crocodile.

General Lord Wolseley left Cairo for the Upper Nile on Saturday last. He was accompanied by Major-General Sir Redvers Buller, Colonels Brackenbury, Swaine, Maxwell, Pratt, and Maitland, and his aides-de-camp. A large crowd assembled at the station to see them off. Among those present were Abdel Kader and Mustapha Fehmy.

The intended Camel Corps, to be formed of the Guards and detachments of many regiments at home, who left England at the end of last week, is the subject of an illustration designed to show the style of their equipment. They will, of course, act in the field as mounted infantry, though composed in great part of soldiers belonging to cavalry regiments. We understand that there will be no horses with this expedition. The men of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, of the Royal Horse Guards, and of the Foot Guards, dressed in their special uniform for this service, left London on Wednesday week for Aldershot, where they were inspected next day by the Duke of Cambridge, with the rest of the Camel Corps, and embarked on the Friday afternoon at Portsmouth, on board the steamships Deccan and Australia, for transport to Egypt. The total number is about fifteen hundred, officers and private soldiers.

Letters from General Gordon to the authorities at Cairo, dated to the end of July, have been received by way of Kassala and Massowah, but are not yet published. The Times, on Monday last, gave a communication of the same date from its correspondent at Khartoum, Mr. Power, acting there as British Consul. He is the only British subject, besides General Gordon and Colonel Stewart, who has been in Khartoum since February last. He sends a brief diary of the events of the siege from March 23 to July 31, relating continual skirmishes between the troops of the Egyptian garrison and the Arabs beleaguering the town. General Gordon seems to have conducted the defence with great skill and spirit, laying mines all round to blow up the approaching parties of besiegers, many of whom were killed by these means, and using his armed steam-boats and barges, with bullet-proof turrets erected on the deck, to drive them from the banks of the river. But his Egyptian troops, whether from cowardice or from disaffection, refused to meet the enemy in the open field. Seven hundred of the garrison, altogether, were killed during the siege, but chiefly through the treachery of the Egyptian officers, and in disgraceful flight when they encountered the Arabs. The latter frequently came up close to the ramparts, so that their bullets fell in the town and in the Governor's palace; but the garrison numbered several thousand, with plenty of arms and ammunition, while the assailants, as we know from General Gordon's preceding despatches, did not much exceed 1500. There was apparently no danger of the place being captured by assault, its position being naturally strong, and completely fortified. The troops had provisions enough in store to maintain them to the end of September. There was, however, much scarcity of food among the inhabitants of the town, and rations were distributed to the poorer class, until supplies came in from the country south of Khartoum. General Gordon has continued in good health; but Colonel Stewart received a slight wound, from which he has quite recovered. None of the remittances of money sent from Cairo ever reached Khartoum; and General Gordon was obliged to issue paper money, and to borrow from the merchants there, for his large expenses during the siege. He had no means of providing for the safe removal of the townspeople. Eight or ten thousand of these, before the siege began, left Khartoum to place themselves under the rule of the Mahdi. The victories of General Gordon, recently reported by way of Dongola, and supposed to have had the effect of raising the siege of Khartoum, took place in the middle of August, a fortnight later than the date of Mr. Power's letter sent through Kassala and Massowah. The garrisons of Sennaar and Kassala had likewise made a successful defence, and were in communication with General Gordon at Khartoum. There is every reason to believe that those towns are in no immediate danger.

Colonel Sir T. D. Baker, now serving as Adjutant-General to the Forces in Ireland, has been appointed Adjutant-General in India, in succession to Major-General Sir G. Greaves, whose term of appointment expires on Oct. 30 next.

An unsuccessful attempt was made last Saturday night to blow up the Council-house at Salisbury. Many persons were severely shaken. A reward of £200 has been offered for the discovery of the perpetrators.

Last week brought the number of visitors to the International Health Exhibition to upwards of three millions. During the remainder of the time that it will remain open cheap popular excursions will be run from and to the south and south-east of England.

The new rooms devoted to the National Art Library at South Kensington Museum were opened for public use on Wednesday. There are in the library upwards of 60,000 volumes, and over 190,000 drawings, designs, engravings, prints, and photographs, all bearing upon art.

On this (Saturday) evening the moon will be eclipsed, the first contact with the lighter part of the planet's shadow taking place at 7h. 17 min., the first contact with the umbra or darker shadow at 8h. 15 min., and the last contacts with the umbra and lighter shadow at 11h. 49 min. and 12h. 47 min., respectively.

The first of the inaugural lectures in view of the twenty-fifth session of the Crystal Palace Company's School of Art, Science, and Literature was given on Thursday week to a crowded audience by Dr. G. G. Zerffi. The subject of his address was "Past and Present in the East," a parallelism demonstrating the principle of causal evolution in history.

Fifteen lives have been lost by the foundering, on Sunday night, of the British steamer Bushire, after collision with the steamer Bernina off the Portuguese coast. Among those lost were several passengers. The Bushire was bound from Cardiff for the Persian Gulf.—An Australian telegram announces the wreck on a reef in Torres Straits of the ship George Gordon. Part of the crew are missing.

Lord Salisbury has issued a circular to his supporters in the House of Peers calling their attention to the fact that Parliament is to meet on Oct. 23, and reminding them of the probability that before the middle of November "matters of the utmost gravity" will be submitted to the consideration of the House, when "the presence of every Conservative Peer will be most urgently required." Sir Stafford Northcote, in a letter to the Conservative members of the House of Commons, requests their attendance at the opening of Parliament, "as important business will be taken at once."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Highly gratifying to Mr. Thomas Thorne must have been the emphatically hearty welcome which he received at the hands of a large Vaudeville audience on Thursday evening, the Twenty-fifth of September. The occasion was this accomplished actor's reappearance at his own house, after a long absence, in a new and arduous part—that of the central character in the new and original five-act play of rather grim interest, "Saints and Sinners," written by Mr. Henry A. Jones, the clever young dramatist who has done particularly good work for the stage as the collaborateur of Mr. Henry Herman in the drama of "The Silver King" and in the interesting one-act character-study of "Chatterton." In accordance with the prevailing fashion, Mr. Jones introduces "Saints and Sinners" with a poetical quotation, duly set forth on the playbill. In this instance Burns is laid under tribute, the verse being a familiar one—

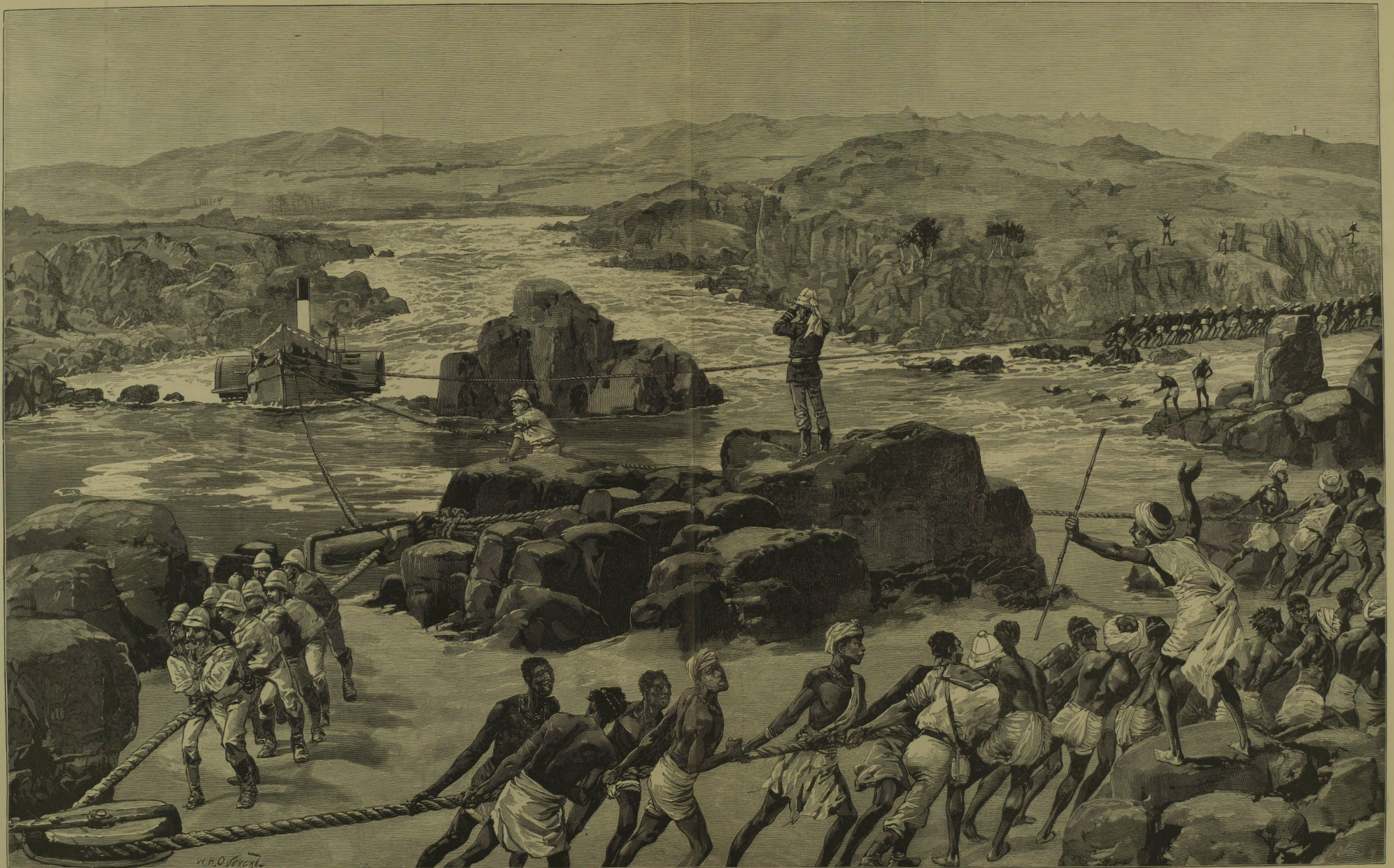
Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Tho' they may gang a kinnin' wrang,
To step aside is human.

Regarding "Saints and Sinners" in this charitable light, one may find much to admire in the piece, albeit there are undoubted faults of construction, and errors of judgment in the handling of hazardous points by the author. But the latter may be gently scanned, as the defects are not ineradicable. The plot is touching, although scarcely novel. The Reverend Jacob Fletcher, Minister of Bethel Chapel, Steepleford, is troubled with a pretty daughter, Letty, who indulges in the not altogether uncommon feminine vanity of having two strings to her bow. Letty is idolised by a frank and open young farmer, George Kingsmill, who bears a strong resemblance to Adam Bede; but the captivating village lassie is dazzled by a certain handsome young Captain Eustace Fanshawe, whose cold-blooded style of wooing is assuredly something new in the way of "mashing." The fascinating Captain entraps Letty by the stale device of a false promise of marriage; and carries her off to a palatial villa at Torquay, where the poor girl discovers to her grief and shame that the man for whom she has left home and friends is already married. Letty is traced here, however, by her sorrowing father and by her constant lover. The finest scene in the piece is that in which the broken-hearted Minister, having forced his way into the luxurious drawing-room in which he finds his lost daughter in tears and in silk attire, appeals with infinite pathos to Letty by all her old remembrances to return home with him. For a time he conjures her in vain, for she has promised to accompany Captain Fanshawe to India. At length, pointing above, the bowed father says to his child, "Your mother is waiting, Letty, for you to say, 'Yes!'" The girl's heart is instantly touched. She throws herself into his outstretched arms. Leaving her betrayer, Letty returns to Steepleford to endure two acts of persecution from a designing deacon, who procures Jacob Fletcher's dismissal, but who himself is eventually driven to seek refuge in the humble cottage of the aged Minister. It is under this roof that the sorrows of Jacob Fletcher and of Letty are ended by the return of her faithful sweetheart, George Kingsmill, whose generous offer of his heart and home is accepted. Pruned of the animadversions against the black sheep of the Dissenting flock, and shorn of the needless reflections on religious matters, "Saints and Sinners" would remain a play worth witnessing. Mr. Thomas Thorne has never acted better than he does as the meek and long-enduring Minister. Mr. Henry Neville throws so much life and spirit into the rôle of George Kingsmill that it is a pity this strong part was not more strengthened and developed. With similar fervour does Mr. H. B. Conway realise his peculiar ideal of Captain Fanshawe's character; while it would be difficult to find a more attractive or more earnest representative of the luckless Letty than Miss Cissy Grahame. The broad comedy of "Saints and Sinners" is supplied by Mr. Frederick Thorne, who is artistic as ever in the small part of Lot Burden; by Miss Kate Phillips, delightfully obstinate and matter of fact as the poor Minister's faithful housekeeper; by Mr. Mackintosh as the repulsive Samuel Hoggard; by Mr. E. M. Robson, excellent as the stolid Prabble with a standing grievance against the "Stores"; by Mr. F. Grove as Uncle Bamberry and Raddles; and Mr. W. Lestocq in a disagreeably clever bit of characterization which he would do well to moderate.

A well-merited tribute to the excellent delineation of character in the powerful drama of "In the Ranks," by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt, continues to be paid every evening at the Adelphi. Laughter and applause were not louder or heartier at the first performance than on the Three Hundredth Night of "In the Ranks." An overflowing house on the Twenty-fourth of September testified by their enthusiastic appreciation of the many admirable points of this deservedly successful and thoroughly healthy play that popular interest is unabated in the vicissitudes of Mr. Charles Warner, the soldier hero, and of the heroine, Miss Isabel Bateman; in the humour and pathos of the Wedding and Jail delivery, and the Barracks; in the genuine comedy of Mrs. H. Leigh and Mr. E. W. Garden as Mrs. and Joe Buzzard; and in the eventual frustration of the knavish tricks of Mr. J. D. Beveridge as Gideon Blake by that most gallant and upright Nemesis, Mr. John Ryder.

With respect to the houses associated with lighter fare, the Alhambra has been closed rather suddenly; but a menu of the customary omelette-soufflée lightness is offered at the Gaiety, where mercurial Mr. J. L. Shine, Miss Farren, Misses Constance Gilchrist and Vincent, and Mr. Elton dash with the requisite vivacity through "A Wet Day," by Mr. Walter Browne, the famed Gaiety Burlesque Company afterwards making merry in the late Mr. H. J. Byron's diverting piece of drollery, "Young Fra Diavolo." On this present Saturday evening "Polly" should put the kettle on securely at the Novelty Theatre, in Great Queen-street, inasmuch as the new comic opera of "Polly," by Mr. James Mortimer and Mr. Edward Solomon, has presumably been duly rehearsed. Mr. Charles Wyndham also courts fortune again to-night, when the bright and comfortable new Criterion will be reopened with "Featherbrain."

"Happy Be Thy Dreams!" would, I imagine, be a welcome aspiration to the ears of Mr. George Conquest and Mr. Paul Meritt—could it be but realised. For, it seems hardly possible that sleep can be light and balmy to these Past-Masters in the art of constructing Melodrama. Cradled at the blood-curdling "wings" of the Royal Grecian in the pre-Salvation days of "The Bird"; weaned on a rousing diet of Porte St. Martin spectacles; and nourished thereafter on the most sanguinary tomes of the Newgate Calendar—Messieurs Conquest and Meritt may, perhaps, be excused if they evince in middle-age an insatiable appetite for a supper of horrors. It was a stimulating meal of this kind, garnished with the usual spicy seasoning, that these gentlemen placed before their numerous patrons at the Surrey on Monday evening. Opening with a murder on Epsom Downs; diversified with changes from an actor's garret to the lamplit grounds of the "Healtheries," and thence to a Thames "Sensation Scene" at the new Railway Bridge Works on the river at Blackfriars—the new melodrama of "Sins of the City," by



THE NILE EXPEDITION: THE STEAMER NASSIF-KHEIR PASSING THE FIRST GATE OF THE SECOND CATARACT.

FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.

MM. Conquest and Meredith, held a vast audience spellbound on the first night. Remarkable was the ingenuity with which was forged link after link in the chain of evidence bringing the murder of Henry Martin home to the arch-villain, Alfred Cooper, alias the Chevalier Tounellier, who found a finished representative in Mr. T. F. Nye. But the distinguishing histrionic feature of "Sins of the City" was the remarkably forcible and even tragic acting of Mr. George Conquest as the old actor, Bill Stockley. A word of commendation is likewise due to Mr. E. Gurney for his quiet and gentlemanly demeanour as Arthur Beverley, betrothed to the modest young actress, Eve Stockley, a part very charmingly and sympathetically sustained by Miss Amy McNeill. Other important rôles are capably enacted by A. B. Cross and Mr. George Conquest, Jun., by Mr. T. Hyde and Miss Clara Laidlaw and Miss Jenny Lee. "Sins of the City," in a word, is a typical Surrey melodrama.

G. A. S.

MUSIC.

Signs of immediate approaching activity in London music are now apparent. We have already noticed the principal features in the prospectus of the twenty-ninth series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace—beginning on Oct. 18. The next important event will be the resumption, on Oct. 27, of the Monday Popular Concerts, with the first performance of the twenty-seventh season.

Next in order of date will be the opening of the new season of the Sacred Harmonic Society, on Nov. 7, when Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," will be given for the first time in London—its earliest production being on Oct. 16, at the Norwich Festival, for which it was specially composed. The Sacred Harmonic Society will repeat several standard works, and will celebrate the bi-centenary of Handel's birth by a performance of his "Belshazzar" on Feb. 27. Engagements have been made with many eminent vocalists, and Mr. Charles Hallé will again act as conductor, as will Mr. Cummings as assistant conductor; and Mr. Fountain Meen as organist.

On Nov. 10 the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will open its fourteenth season with an evening performance—for the first time in England—of the music of Wagner's "Parsifal," the last (and some think the best) of the deceased composer's "opera-dramas." The work will be performed again by the Society on the following Saturday afternoon. It will be somewhat curtailed, and will be given with the original German words, and with Fraulein Malten, Herr Gudehus, Herr Reichmann, and Herr Sielr as solo vocalists, they having been engaged in the Bayreuth performances of "Parsifal." Standard works will be repeated, and there is a possibility that Berlioz's grand "Te Deum" may be produced. Madame Albani, and many other eminent vocalists are to appear during the season. Mr. Barnby's continued fulfilment of the office of conductor, and the co-operation of the fine band and choir of about a thousand performers, with Dr. Stainer again as organist, are guarantees of the efficiency of the performances.

On Saturday, Professor Sir G. A. Macfarren delivered the inaugural address at the Royal Academy of Music on the opening of a new term of the institution of which he is the principal. He paid a tribute to the memory of the late Mr. G. Benson—one of the professors of singing—and made some sensible remarks on the proper course of study for vocalists and pianists.

The first Henry Smart Scholarship has been awarded to W. J. Kipps.

A statue of Bach was unveiled on Sunday afternoon, at his birthplace, Eisenach, in the presence of Princess Marie of Meiningen, Franz Liszt, a deputation from London, and many other spectators.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment will reopen for the autumn season on Monday evening next, Oct. 6. "Cherry-Tree Farm" will form the first part of the programme; and Mr. Corney Grain will give for the first time his new musical sketch, entitled "Troubles of a Tourist." The last new after-piece, "A Terrible Fright," will conclude the performance.

The testimonial in aid of Mr. Peck, for many years a valuable and active—although not prominent—officer of the old Sacred Harmonic Society—the predecessor of the present institution—is being promoted by a committee of eminent musicians. It is to be hoped that the result may prove of benefit to one who needs and deserves it. Mr. H. Littleton, 1, Berners-street, will receive subscriptions.

Lord and Lady Brabazon opened Canonbury-square, Islington, yesterday week as a public recreation-ground. It is the gift of the Marquis of Northampton.

The Council of the Incorporated Law Society have accepted an invitation to hold the annual provincial meeting for the present year at Birmingham. It will accordingly be held in the Council-house in that town on the 21st and 22nd inst.

In London last week 2571 births and 1243 deaths were registered, the former having been 56 and the latter 159 below the average numbers in the corresponding periods of the last ten years. There were 10 deaths from smallpox, 12 from measles, 26 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 15 from whooping-cough, 90 from dysentery, and not one from typhus.

The imports of live stock and fresh meat to this country from the United States and Canada continue on a large scale, and the arrivals of live cattle at Liverpool during the past week show a further increase in the imports, but the quantity of dead meat, although large, was not in excess of the previous week. The total shipments amounted to 2253 cattle, 1310 sheep, 5137 quarters of beef, and 500 carcasses of mutton.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce have held their autumnal session for the first time in Wolverhampton. The delegates—in number about 200, representing the principal commercial centres in England, Ireland, and Scotland—were received on Tuesday by the Mayor and Corporation in the Townhall, after which they adjourned to the Exchange, where meetings for the discussion of various subjects enunciated by different chambers represented were held. Mr. C. M. Norwood, M.P., president, in the opening address, suggested the desirability of passing the Merchant Shipping Bill at an early period, and the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Board of Trade. Several resolutions were agreed to from various chambers.

The Committee of the Royal Humane Society have decided to award one silver medal, thirty bronze medals, twenty-two certificates of thanks engrossed on vellum, and eighteen on parchment, in addition to several pecuniary rewards, for gallantry in saving life. The silver medal of the Society has been awarded to Frank Shooter, bathing superintendent, for the rescue of Forrest F. K. Hartnell from the mill-stream, Exeter, on July 16. Bronze medals have been awarded, at the recommendation of the Colonial Office, to Emosi, a native of Nasilai, and Ratu Joshua, Swani, and Apraim, members of the Fijian Police, for services rendered at the wreck of the Syria on the Nasilai Reef, Fiji, on May 13. A number of bronze medals have been awarded in other cases.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Sept. 30.

The French Cabinet resumed its councils last Saturday, when it was decided that Parliament should meet on Oct. 14. The Ministers were informed by M. Ferry of the progress of affairs in China, and of the imminent action of Admiral Courbet against Kelung. M. Ferry also communicated the despatches concerning Egyptian matters, and informed his colleagues that in consequence of negotiations between the Cabinets of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, an identical note had been sent simultaneously to the Government of the Khedive, declaring null and of none effect the act by which the Egyptian Government have suspended the payment of its Sinking Fund. At the opening of the Chambers a supplementary credit of fifteen millions will be demanded, to meet the expense of the Chinese expedition.

One cannot walk along the streets of Paris of late without finding crowds of people at every corner star-gazing at high noonday. The air is thick with balloons of strange and fish-like shapes. The most interesting ascent of the week has been that of MM. Tissandier on Friday last, when, with a propeller driven by a dynamo-electric machine with motive force of 1½-horse power, various evolutions, circles, and turning movements were executed in spite of wind, the propeller making 190 revolutions a minute, and the wind having a rapidity of about three mètres a second. M. Gaston Tissandier read a paper on this ascent before the Academy of Sciences yesterday. The Tissandier balloon is in the shape of an ellipse, with pointed ends; it is 28 mètres long and 9 mètres 20 in. diameter; the volume is 1060 mètres cube; its total weight when it rose from the ground was 1240 kilogrammes. During the experiments the balloon remained constantly at an altitude of between 400 and 500 mètres.

The past week in Paris has been fertile in battles, and journalists and politicians have been skewering each other with rapiers, and even biting each other. The newspaper polemics over the racing incident which occurred at Maisons Laffitte last week ended in a duel. A newspaper warfare between a writer in *Le Radical* and the Corsican deputy, M. Emmanuel Arène, ended in an invasion of the offices of *Le Radical* by M. Arène and his friends. Insults and blows were exchanged, a pistol went off either by accident or premeditation, M. Arène's hand was severely bitten, and now the police are making an inquiry into the matter. In reality, in most of these quarrels and duels between journalists, there is no real hatred; they quarrel and fight for the amusement of the gallery and for the sake of gaining notoriety. The trick is so transparent, and the absurdity of the duels so patent, that the public is no longer deceived. The journalist, X, finding himself contradicted by the journalist Y, will not admit that he is in the wrong; he will not even discuss the matter; he calls Y out. They fight, wound each other, honour is declared satisfied, but Y's contradiction still remains. On several occasions already it has been proposed to form a tribunal of honour, which should decide whether there was ground for a duel or not; and now the proposal is renewed by an eminent journalist, who regrets to see the discredit into which silly duelling is bringing the profession in the eyes of the public.

Poor Sarah Bernhardt continues to occupy public attention with her strange career of disorder and genius. On Sunday her house in the Avenue de Villiers was covered with flaming rose-coloured bills, announcing the sale of a "Riche et nombreux mobilier appartenant à Mme. Sarah Bernhardt." The sale, however, did not take place; a lady friend of the famous actress paid at the last moment the sum necessary to prevent the sale. The seizure was made by the creditors concerned in the affair of the liquidation of the Ambigu Theatre, which Sarah bought some two years ago and forgot to pay for.—M. Taine is becoming more and more retrograde and monarchical in his writings. In a fragment of his forthcoming volume on "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine," published in a Parisian review, M. Taine runs down Danton, Robespierre, and other figures of the Revolution, with strange severity, while he glorifies the frivolous aristocrats of the old régime.—The baby-show, which was to have opened this week in the Pavillon de la Ville de Paris, has been prohibited at the last moment by the Prefect of Police for hygienic reasons.

T. C.

The Second Chamber of Holland agreed, by 68 votes against 14, to take into consideration the bill for the modification of the Constitution in the sense of permitting changes in the Constitution during a Regency.

The seventh session of the International Literary and Artistic Association, the object of which is to secure the copyright of literary and artistic works to the authors and their heirs, was opened at Brussels last Saturday. The following resolution was voted on Monday:—"Artistic, like literary, property, has for its basis the creation of a work."

The Emperor of Austria opened the Hungarian Diet at Pesth on Monday, and said it might confidentially be hoped that every effort would be made to advance the welfare of Hungary, undisturbed as she was by external complications. The new Royal Opera-House at Pesth was opened last Saturday in the presence of the Emperor, the Ministers, members of Parliament, and other persons of distinction. The International Fisheries Exhibition, of which the Crown Prince Rudolph is the patron, was opened at Vienna on Monday. The Diet of Croatia was opened on Tuesday.

The army manoeuvres having terminated, the Emperor of Germany, with the Empress, the Crown Prince and Princess, and Princes William and Henry, paid a state visit to Muenster, the capital of Westphalia, on Wednesday week, and attended a banquet given by the Provincial States. On Thursday the German Emperor, with the Empress and the Imperial family, attended the festivities held at Cologne in celebration of the completion of a grand scheme of improvements in that city. The streets were resplendent with decorations; enormous crowds lined the route of the procession, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. General Von Goeben's statue was unveiled at Coblenz yesterday week in the presence of the Emperor, the Empress, the Crown Prince and Princess, Princes William and Henry, Count Moltke, and numerous high Generals and officials. The Empress celebrated her seventy-third birthday on Wednesday, surrounded by those nearest and dearest to her, at Baden-Baden. The papers loyally and cordially congratulate her Majesty in prose and verse. Princesses Sophia Dorothea and Margaret Beatrice, the daughters of the Crown Prince, arrived at Flushing on Saturday morning from Cowes, on board the Royal yacht Osborne. Their Royal Highnesses left by express-train at 7.20 for Frankfurt. Prince William of Prussia has gone to Vienna to be the hunting guest of the Austrian Emperor.

The elections to the Second Chamber of the Swedish Diet took place in Stockholm on the 27th ult., the Liberals carrying the day in almost every electoral division.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia began last Saturday their return journey to St. Petersburg. No stoppage was made at Warsaw, the Imperial train being immediately on

arrival shunted on to the Warsaw District Railway, by which it proceeded on to the direct St. Petersburg line. Their Majesties arrived at Peterhof the same night.

Mr. Walter Gresham, the United States Postmaster-General, has been appointed Secretary to the Treasury. Mr. Frank Hatton, the Assistant Postmaster-General, is acting as Postmaster-General.—Sir William Thomson lectured on Monday night, under the auspices of the Franklin Institute, at the Academy of Music, New York, on the wave theory of light, to a large audience.

The Canadian Pacific Railway system embraces 3956 miles of road, of which 2892 miles consists of main line, and 1054 of branches and short lines. Of the main line, extending from Montreal to Port Moody, only about 600 miles remain to be completed, and upon this the work of construction is proceeding rapidly.—Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the other members of the Lyceum Company, arrived at Quebec on Saturday last—all well. On Tuesday Mr. Irving and the Lyceum Company made their first appearance in Quebec, "The Merchant of Venice" being the play represented. The music-hall was crowded to its utmost capacity by an appreciative audience, who followed the performance with the closest attention. Mr. Irving has rarely played Shylock with greater force, and Miss Terry, who has entirely recovered from her recent indisposition, won a most enthusiastic reception. The players were twice recalled before the curtain at the close of the performance.

An influential meeting was held last week in Capetown, at which resolutions were adopted protesting against the violation by the Boers of the new Transvaal Convention, and containing assurances of loyalty and readiness to assist in maintaining the trade route into the interior. A monster petition to the Queen is in course of signature.

In New South Wales the Government has submitted to the Legislative Assembly a comprehensive scheme of railways, the estimated cost of which, to be raised by loans from time to time, will amount to £14,000,000 sterling.—Splendid rains have fallen throughout South Australia.

A telegram from Teheran dated Sunday states that Sir Peter Lumsden, the Commissioner for the delimitation of the Afghan frontier, and his suite were presented by Sir Ronald Thompson, the British Minister, to the Shah. His Majesty expressed great interest in the expedition, and ordered his Wuzer to carry out any requirements which our Minister at Teheran may wish for in connection with it.

A telegram from Tien-Tsin says that it is reported that the Empress of China has decided to conclude peace with France, and that hopes were entertained of a peaceful settlement of the existing difficulty.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Oct. 1.

Selling of the British Funds continues to result from the policy adopted by Mr. Childers, while investors are showing more and more preference for their own municipal stocks, and for such other high-class descriptions as yield what has now to be considered a good return. Foreign Government securities are also receiving more attention, not excepting Egyptian, these being amongst those which have risen. The suspension of the Sinking Fund on the Egyptian debt has, as was to be expected, met with a great deal of ignorant clamour both here and abroad; but, economically, it is beyond reproach, and it is officially stated that when considered by the London conference it met with practically no opposition. For some British railway stocks there also continues to be a good demand, but Transatlantic railway securities are still under a cloud. The uncertainty as to the "pool" is apparently the main difficulty in one direction. The Grand Trunk managers refuse the percentage allotted to them, contending that in the apportionment their recent growth has not been sufficiently regarded, but there is thought to be some prospect of the decision being reconsidered. "Bears" of Grand Trunk stocks, of course, hope for a war of rates; but the stockholders and their directors should use all their influence to make that the last resort.

The Mexican bondholders have accepted the proposals of settlement submitted, and now it is for the Mexican Parliament to give power to the executive to carry out the agreement. As to this ratification taking place there seems no room to doubt. In due course, therefore, the present bonds should be replaced by bonds representing the "consolidated debt of Mexico in London." These bonds are to be dated Jan. 1, 1885, are to bear 2 per cent per annum interest for the first two years, then 2½ for two years, and thereafter 3. The bonds may be bought for cancellation by the Government at or under 50; and when the price is over 50, drawings for repayment at 50 may be made. Holders of 1851 bonds will be required to exchange each present bond and arrear coupons for £112 of new bonds, and the 1864 bonds and arrear coupons are to be exchanged for £52½ of new bonds. Certain miscellaneous certificates are to be converted on corresponding terms. Conversion is, of course, optional.

An interesting question was raised at the meeting of the Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Railway Company in regard to the proposed manner of raising new capital. £200,000 is needed, and the Indian Government require this to be obtained by the issue of debentures at 3½ per cent, while the company has some shares of £20 on which only £5 has been called up, the holders of such shares ask that they should provide the money needed, and, of course, under the 5 per cent guarantee. As the company's traffic does not yield 5 per cent, and the Government have to provide a large sum each year (£100,000 for 1883), the Government naturally desire to raise the further money at the lowest market rate. The great bulk of the holders of Scinde stock must side with the Government, because as their chance of bonus dividends depends on the growth of net revenue over the dividend charges, to pay 5 per cent for what can be got at 3½ is against their interest. But so persistent were the holders of the partly paid shares that the meeting was adjourned to let the matter be laid before the India Office. Unless the case of the opposing shareholders is stronger than has yet appeared, it seems that the interest of the guaranteeing Government and of the bulk of the shareholders should prevail.

The New York Central Railway Company has created 10,000,000 dols. debentures, to run for twenty years at 5 per cent, of which 6,500,000 dols. is likely to be placed here.

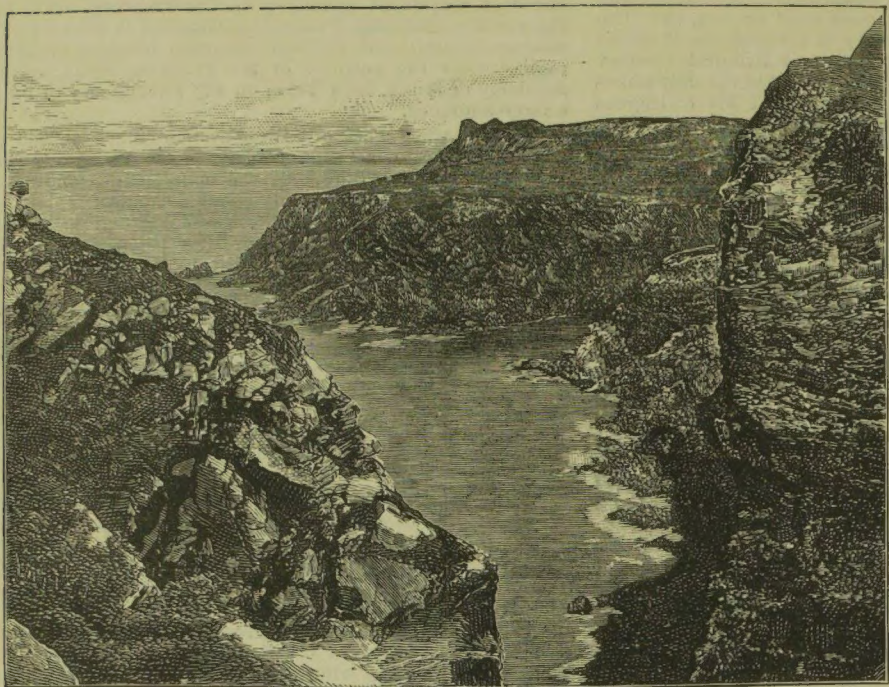
T. S.

The trustees of the Cholmondeley Charities have granted £20 to the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females.

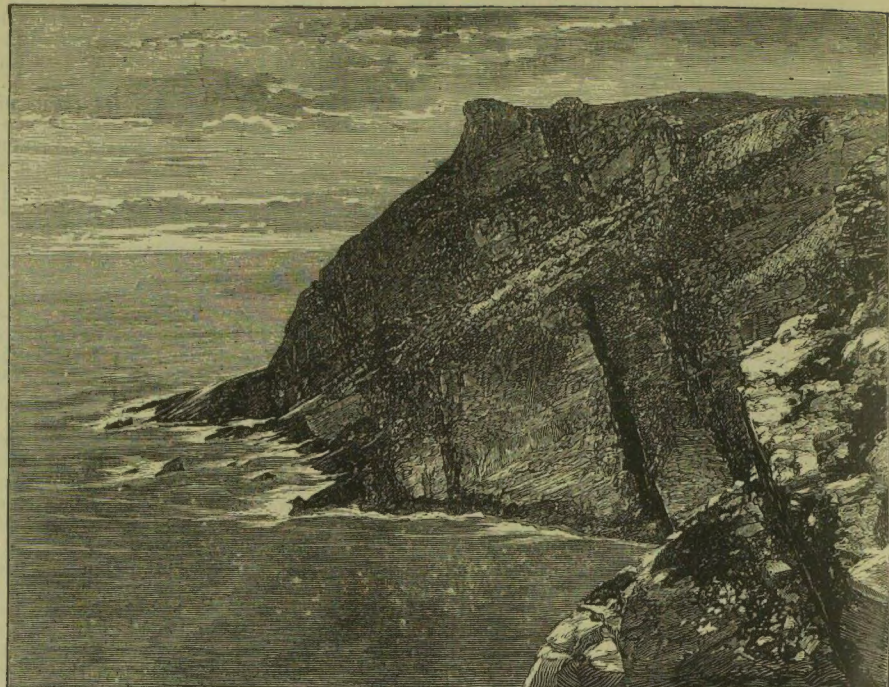
Sir Bernard Samuelson, M.P., distributed prizes in connection with the Liverpool science and art classes on Monday.

A bazaar held last week at Bournemouth in aid of the Convalescent Home founded there by Lady Herbert of Lea realised a profit of over £70.

Mr. Alderman Nottage was on Monday selected as Lord Mayor-elect for the City of London for the ensuing year; and Mr. Alderman Whitehead and Mr. George Faudel Phillips were on Saturday sworn in as Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.



HORN HEAD, DONEGAL.



HORN HEAD, DONEGAL.

The loss of a British gun-boat, and of fifty lives of British seamen and naval officers, by the recent disaster on the north coast of Ireland, is a lamentable event. It was early in the morning of Monday week, the 22nd ult., that this vessel was wrecked, on her way from Westport, county Mayo, round the north-western shores to Moville, in Lough Foyle, below Londonderry, where she was to take on board the Irish Harbours and Fisheries Commissioners, having for some time past been employed in their conveyance from one point to another. The *Wasp* was a composite gun-boat of 465 tons burden, with engines of 470-horse power, and was commanded by Lieutenant J. D. Nicholls, the other officers being Lieutenant F. A. Warden, Sub-Lieutenant T. S. Guppy, W. Hudson, engineer, and J. W. Kerrigan, gunner. Mr. Hudson was on shore, and so was the surgeon, Dr. Brown. The coast of Donegal, from the Bloody Foreland to Horn Head, is very wild and rugged, with numerous rocky islands, the largest of which, called Tory Island, lies eight or nine miles off the shore, while the smaller isles, Inishbeg, Inishdoey, and Inishboffin, are to the south of Tory Island, towards the entrance of Ballyness Bay. A vessel coming from the south-west, and intending to pass round Malin Head, the most northerly point of Donegal, would steer near Tory Island. There is a lighthouse on Tory Island, at the north-west end, standing 122 ft. above the sea-level. This island is two miles and a half long, and one mile broad; there is a range of cliffs, from 100 ft. to 300 ft. high on the north side, but the southern shore is

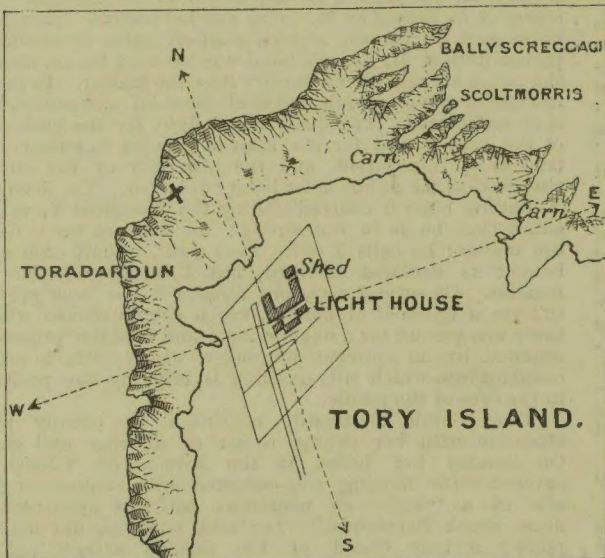
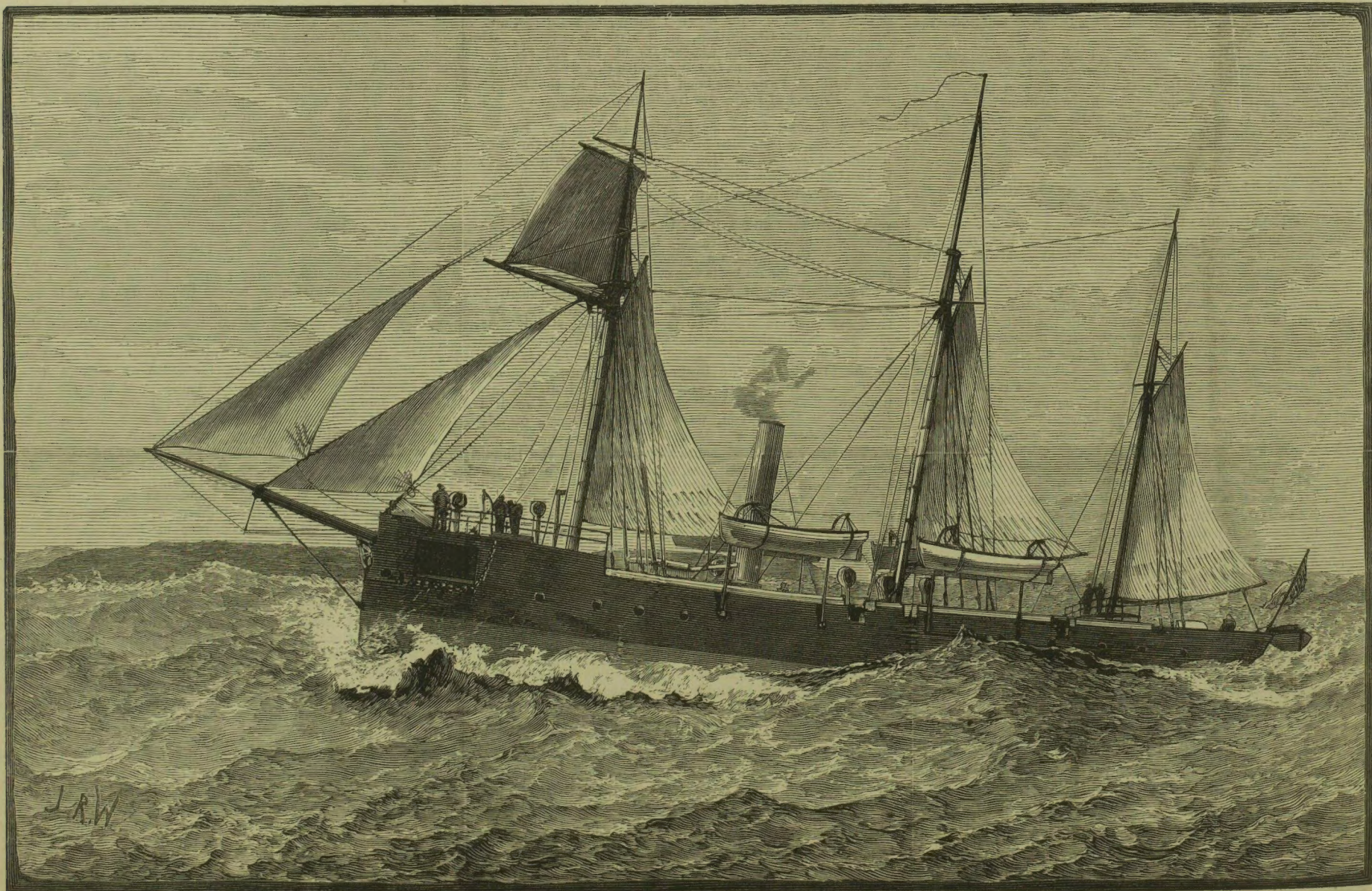


CHART OF THE COAST.

THE + SHOWS THE SPOT WHERE THE WASP WAS WRECKED.

flat. There are about seventy families, mostly of fishermen, living on the island. The *Wasp*, it seems, was not steaming, but going under sail, when this accident happened; she was schooner-rigged, and had all her sails set, except the spanker. The weather was bright and clear at half-past three in the morning, when the vessel approached Tory Island, and those on watch saw that they were dangerously near land. No effort, however, was made to change her course, and about a quarter to four she struck on an isolated rock that lies northward of the extreme west point of the island. The vessel staggered to leeward from the effect of the shock, and all hands rushed on deck. The commander took a hurried look round, and, seeing that it would be impossible to stand out to sea under sail, and to clear another dangerous reef ahead, ordered the engineers to get up full steam. Unfortunately, the fires were banked, and it would have taken an hour or more to get up sufficient steam. The next order was to get out the two life-boats, the quarter-boat, and the gig; but the boats had not got clear of the davits when they were dashed to pieces by the sea, which overwhelmed the vessel. One of the waves struck the bridge, sweeping into the sea the commander and two officers who were standing on it. The vessel then seems to have been swept off the rock into deep water, where she soon foundered. The men saved were R. Rattenbury, quartermaster; J. Hutton, ship's cook; P. Andrews, second captain of the fore-castle; W. H. Dunn, seaman; and A. Bromhead and W. Styles, privates of the Royal



H.M.S. WASP, GUN-BOAT, LATELY EMPLOYED TO CONVEY THE FISHERY AND HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS ON THE IRISH COAST.

THE WRECK OF H.M.S. WASP.



WRECK OF H.M.S. WASP AT TORY ISLAND, DONEGAL.—FROM SKETCHES AND INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE SURVIVORS.

Marines. They were taken on board H.M.S. Valiant, which was sent to Tory Island, and brought them to Rathmullen, Lough Swilly; thence they proceeded by Londonderry to Dublin. We are enabled, by sketches and information obtained from these survivors, to present an illustration of the wreck of the Wasp, along with some views of Tory Island and the coast. A naval court-martial will be held to determine whether any person was to blame for the loss of the vessel.

OBITUARY.

SIR RICHARD LEVINGE, BART.

Sir Richard George Augustus Levinge, seventh Baronet, of High Park (now Knockdrin Castle), in the county of Westmeath, whose death is announced, was born Nov. 1, 1811, the eldest son of Sir Richard Levinge, sixth Baronet, by Elizabeth Anne, his wife, eldest daughter and coheir of the first Lord Ranelagh. He succeeded to the title at the death of his father, Sept. 12, 1848, and was elected Liberal M.P. for Westmeath in 1857, which he continued to represent until 1865. He was formerly Captain 5th Dragoon Guards and Lieut.-Colonel Westmeath Rifles. Sir Richard married, first, March 20, 1849, Caroline Jane, eldest daughter of Colonel Rolleston, M.P., which lady died in 1858; and secondly, Feb. 10, 1870, Margaret Charlotte, widow of Mr. D. Jones, M.P., of Pantglass, and daughter of Sir George Campbell, of Edenwood. She died Nov. 5, 1871. Not having had issue, he is succeeded by his brother, Sir Vere Henry Levinge, now eighth Baronet, born Nov. 8, 1819.

HON. GILBERT H. CHANDOS LEIGH.

The Hon. Gilbert Henry Chandos Leigh, M.A., M.P. for South Warwickshire, J.P. and D.L. for that county, and Captain Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry, whose death, by an accident in the Bighorn Mountains in America, is just announced, was the eldest son of the present Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh, by Caroline Amelia, his wife, daughter of the second Marquis of Westminster, K.G. He was born Sept. 1, 1851, and was educated at Harrow, and Magdalene College, Cambridge, and spent some time in visiting India, China, Japan, and America. In 1880 he was elected Liberal M.P. for Warwickshire, in which county the Leighs of Stoneleigh have long possessed a very considerable estate. The grandfather of the ill-fated gentleman whose decease we record was Chandos Leigh, the poet, on whom a peerage was conferred in 1839, in consideration of his being the heir male of the former Lords Leigh of Stoneleigh.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Hugh Pigot, Rector of Stretham, Cambridgeshire, author of "The History of Hadleigh," aged sixty-five.

Mr. William Pettit Griffith, an eminent architect and archaeologist, on the 14th ult., aged sixty-nine.

Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Fraser, retired list Madras Army, on the 18th ult., aged just ninety.

Mr. Thomas Vaughan Richards, Q.C., suddenly, at the Grand Hotel, Bath, on the 26th ult.

Colonel Henry Francis, late of the 29th and 64th Regiments, at Brighton recently, after a long illness, aged sixty-one.

Mr. Henry Bingley, of Higham, Essex, J.P., at his residence, 19, Lewes-crescent, Brighton, on the 22nd ult., in his eighty-third year.

Colonel Barnes, commanding Royal Artillery, on the 28th ult., at Alexandria from dysentery, at the residence of General Stevenson.

Major-General George Frederick Campbell Bray, late Colonel of the 96th Regiment, on the 26th ult., at his residence in Kidbrook-grove, Blackheath.

The Rev. William Morgan Davies Berrington, J.P., Rector of Nolton-cum-Roch, Pembrokeshire, on the 21st ult., at Druidston, Haverfordwest, aged eighty-two.

The Rev. Arthur Robert Ward, M.A., Vicar of St. Clement's, Cambridge, fourth son of the late Mr. William Ward, M.P. for London, on the 25th ult.

Lady Mary Smith-Barry, wife of Mr. Arthur Hugh Smith-Barry, of Fota Island, county Cork, and Marbury Hall, Cheshire, and third daughter of the third Earl of Dunraven, K.P., on the 21st ult., in her fortieth year.

Mr. Richard Charles Rowe, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, third Wrangler, and second Smith's prizeman in 1877, Professor of Pure Mathematics at University College, London, on the 21st ult., aged thirty.

Lady Adelaide Beresford-Peirse, wife of Sir Henry M. De La Poer Beresford-Peirse, Bart., and sister of the Earl of Bandon, on the 29th ult., at her residence in Eaton-terrace, at the age of thirty-eight years.

The Rev. Thomas Frederick Simmons, M.A., Canon of York, Rector of Dalton Holme, near Hull, recently. Educated at Sandhurst, he entered the Army, but, resigning his commission, took holy orders. In 1868 he was first chosen Proctor for the Archdeaconry of the East Riding.

The Library Association of the United Kingdom met in Dublin on Tuesday, under the presidency of Dr. J. K. Ingram, the librarian of Trinity College. Among the occupations of the Association has been the consideration of the plans of the new building for the National Library of Ireland.

Sir Robert W. Carden, M.P., opened the new building and laid the memorial-stone of the Fox-court Ragged School and Mission, Gray's-inn-road, Holborn, on Thursday. Mr. J. D. Allcroft, treasurer of Christ's Hospital, Sir William Wheelhouse, Q.C., and others took part in the proceedings.

The National Association for Promoting Technical Education have appointed a deputation to visit the Continent, for the purpose of reporting upon the technical instruction given to the industrial classes in Germany, France, Switzerland, and elsewhere, and the influence of such instruction upon manufacturing and other industries at home and abroad.

Messrs. Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company's steam-ship Coptic, Captain W. H. Kidley, from New Zealand, arrived at Plymouth yesterday week. Her cargo included 22,038 carcasses, 540 half carcasses, 535 legs, and 70 pairs hind-quarters of mutton, 308 pieces of beef, and one lamb, besides some fish and game which had been brought over in a frozen state, in excellent condition. This is the largest cargo of frozen meat ever brought over from New Zealand in one ship.

The Court of Common Council has voted £105 to the fund now being raised by the Lord Mayor for the relief of the sufferers by the cholera at Naples. The Court has also granted a retiring allowance of £500 per annum to Mr. Henry De Jersey, the late Secondary. Discussion took place at a recent meeting of the Court in reference to the failure of the Central Fish Market in Farringdon-street to answer the expectations of its promoters. It was stated that the year's trade equalled only that of ten days in Billingsgate. The matter was referred for further consideration to the Markets Committee.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EPV (Glasbury).—Your problem has been overlooked, but it shall now have early attention.
CF (Tooting).—An able analysis of No. 2113, and we believe without flaw of any kind.
OM (Copenhagen).—We are greatly obliged for the clips, and the problems accompanying them. We greatly admire Herr Fonda's problem, and it appears below.
DA (Dublin).—Very good indeed; if found correct, it shall soon appear.
FH (Munich).—Thanks. The problem shall be carefully examined.
G A N (Malta).—Your letter has been forwarded to the author.
T T L (Brighton).—There is only one solution to No. 2110—the one published.
H H K (Brockley).—You shall have an early report on your problem.
EM (Darlington).—Your letters are read with pleasure, your criticism being always intelligent and genial.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2100, 2101, and 2103 received from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2102 from Jumbo; of No. 2111 from Pierce Jones, Laura Greaves, R Worters (Canterbury); of No. 2112 from D W (Udny), Carl Friedleben, W H Jack, Oskar Hartmann (Malaga), R Worters (Canterbury), J Pretty Wrentham, A S Vosper, Pierce Jones, Laura Greaves, Henry Bristol, A W Cooper, J A B, and J R Blyth.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2113 received from Venator, Carl Friedleben, T G Ware, Alpha, L L Greenaway, James Pilkington, H Wardell, Jupiter Junior, S Farrant, E Elbury, Ben Nevis, O Darragh, W Hillier, M O Hailorn, R Reeves, D W Kell, C Oswald, G S Cox, R L Southwell, E Cassella (Paris), A V Scrutton, Thomas Waters, F Ferris, H H Noyer, Otto Fulder (Ghent), R Blacklock, L Wyman, W J Rudman, R T Kemp, G Seymour, L Desanges, Edmund Field, S Bullen, G W Law, A M Porter, H K Awdry, Joseph Ainsworth, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, N S Harris, Aaron Harper, B R Wood, R Jessop, S Lowndes, A C Hunt, R Ingersoll, W Biddle, Captain Bullock, W Hickman, J K (South Hampstead), Jumbo, G Huskisson, A M Porter, E Featherstone, G L Mayne, R Gray, An Old Hand, A W Scrutton, R Blackall, C B N (H.M.S. Arad), J T W, John Hodgson (Maidstone), T Sinclair, Shadforth, J R (Edinburgh), R Tweddell, W E Manly, Thomas Gafakin Junior, and G Fosbrooke.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2112.

WHITE.
1. Kt to Q 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd
3. Mates.

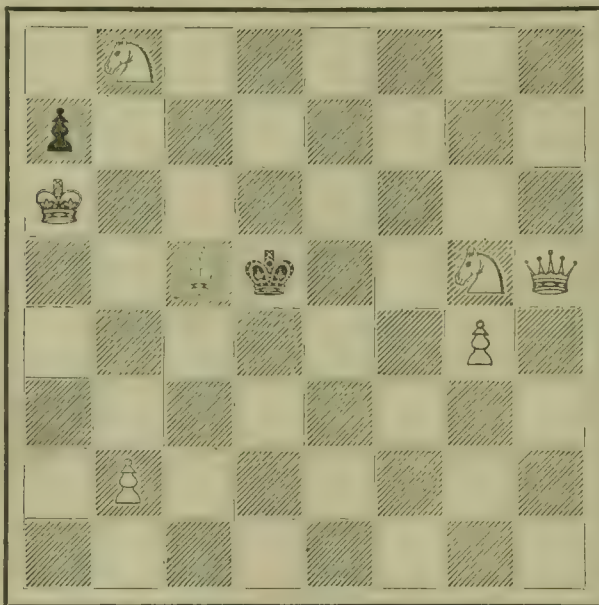
BLACK.
Kt to Q 4th
Any move

*The same line of attack holds good against the defences, 1 P takes R and 1 K takes R.

PROBLEM No. 2115.

By WILLIAM MITCHESON.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

For the following interesting Game we are indebted to the Nationalidade of Copenhagen. It was played recently between Messrs. FRITZEL and WELLBACH.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. K to Kt sq	Kt to B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. Q to B 5th	K R to K sq
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	23. B to Q 3rd	
4. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	Threatening 23. Kt to K R 4th, &c.	
6. P takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)	23. P to Q 6th	Q to K B 3rd
7. B to Q 2nd	B takes B (ch)	24. P to Q 6th	
8. Q Kt takes B	Castles		
9. Castles	P to Q 4th		
10. P takes P	K Kt takes P		
11. P to Q Kt 3rd			
		25. P to Q 7th	B takes Kt
		26. B takes Kt	R to K 4th
		27. R takes Kt	Q to Kt 4th
		28. P to K Kt 4th	
		Why not 23. B to R 3rd?	
		29. Q takes Q	Q takes R (ch)
		30. P to Q 5th (a Q)	R takes Q
		31. Kt takes R	R to K sq
		32. R to K B sq	B to Q 4th
		33. Kt takes P	B takes Kt
		34. B takes P (ch)	K takes B
		35. R takes B	R to K 7th
		36. P to R 4th	R to Q Kt 7th
		37. R takes B P	R takes P
		38. R takes R P	R to Kt 5th.
			Drawn game.

The following curious Gamelet comes to us from the "Frosty Caucasus." It was played recently at Tiflis between our correspondent, Mr. F. E. GIBBINS, and M. DEMERIAN.

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (M. D.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (M. D.)
1. P to K 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	6. P to K B 3rd	B to Q 2nd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	7. P to Q B 4th	P to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	8. Kt takes Q P.	
4. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 2nd		
5. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd		

A Gem from the Vienna Sportzeitung, the composition of Herr FONDA.
White: K at Q B 7th, Q at Q B 6th, Kts at K Kt 2nd and Q B 2nd, Pawn at K R 2nd. (Five pieces.)
Black: K at K 4th; Pawns at Q B 4th, 5th, and 6th; Kt at K R 6th. (Five pieces.)
White to play, and mate in three moves.

From the report of the honorary secretary we learn that the past season of the St. Nicholas Chess Club, Brighton, has been very successful. Of twelve matches in which the club engaged, seven were won, three lost, and two drawn. The statement of accounts shows a balance in favour of the club, and there has been a considerable increase of members in the course of the past year.

There was high revelry at the City of London Chess Club on Monday evening, when the opening of the new rooms at the Salvation Tavern, Newgate-street, was celebrated with pipe and song. The chair was occupied by Mr. Pilkington, the president, and the vice-chair by Mr. H. F. Gastineau, supported by a large number of members and visitors, including Messrs. Blackburne, Cubison, Hirschfeld, Hoffer, Macdonnell, R. Soutar, A. E. Studd, Dr. Zukertort, and the tenor vocalist, Mr. Edward Cotte. The loyal toasts having been duly honoured, the president proposed the health of Mr. Blackburne, expressing the cordial wishes of the members for that gentleman's speedy restoration to health and his safe return from the Antipodes. Dr. Zukertort's health was also proposed by the President, and the former, who was heartily welcomed by the assemblage, responded in humorous terms. He said that during his recent travels from Heli-gate, New York, to the Golden Horn, California, he had played some thousands of games and had made many warm friends, to meet whom again he looked forward with pleasure. Songs and recitations followed the speeches, Mr. Halley presiding at the pianoforte. Mr. Cotte was in splendid voice, and sang with his usual power and charm of style. Mr. Cutler's ingenious parody of the "Midshipmite" was received with great favour, the members joining in the effective chorus, "Cheerily, my boys, play the game." Among the recitations deserving special mention was the late Mr. Arthur Mathison's monologue of the "Supe," which, as regards ease of manner and appropriate gesture, was extremely well delivered. Among the later toasts was the health of the honorary secretary, Mr. George Adamson, whose services to the club were duly acknowledged.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 18, 1882) of Mr. Thomas Evans, late of No. 1, Wood-street, Cheapside, and of Crayford, Kent, warehouseman, who died on May 1 last at Bexley, Kent, was proved on the 4th ult. by David Evans and George Evans, the brothers, and Edward Knowles Corrie, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £142,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000, and all his plate, pictures, jewellery, books, wines, furniture, and other articles of household use, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock to his wife, Mrs. Jessie Matilda Evans; £50,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, in the event of her marrying again the capital sum to be held upon trust is to be reduced to £20,000; £10,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Jessie Maude and Evelyn Minnie, and a further sum of £10,000 each on the death or marriage again of his wife; £2000 to his brother David; £200 each to his brothers David and George as executors; and £500 to his executor and brother-in-law, Mr. Corrie. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his sons, Robert Corrie and David Howard. Provision is made for the contingency of his leaving any other child beside those named.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Ayrshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Jan. 12, 1884) of Mr. John Taylor Gordon, of Fairfield, Monkton, in the county of Ayr, who died on June 24 last, granted to Mrs. Margaret Watson or Gordon, the widow, Alexander Mackenzie, John Mansfield Mackenzie, and William Pollock, the accepting executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 3rd ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £100,000.

The will (dated May 17, 1884) of Mr. Clement William Unthank, late of Intwood Hall, Norfolk, who died on July 13 last, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Anne Unthank, the widow, and Clement William Joseph Unthank, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £98,000. The testator, in addition to some specific gifts to his wife, leaves her, for life, a residence, with certain furniture, plate, china, and effects. The residue of the personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said son.

The will, as contained in two papers (dated, respectively, Nov. 23, 1882, and May 2, 1884), of Mr. William James Patterson, late of Carlton-crescent, Southampton, who died on July 15 last, was proved on the 10th inst. by Joseph Robins, the Rev. Henry Charles Watson, Theophilus William Trend, and Edward Keate Stace, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £69,000. The testator bequeaths £5000, free of duty, to the executive body of the Royal South Hants Infirmary, to be called "the Patterson Chaplain Fund," upon trusts, for investment, the income to be appropriated as a stipend for a chaplain, who is to be a member of the established Episcopal Church of England and a graduate of one of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge; £1000 to the Royal South Hants Infirmary for its general purposes; £1000 to the minister and churchwardens of the parish of All Saints, Southampton, upon trust, to apply the dividends for the relief of the necessitous poor of the said parish; £1000 to the minister and churchwardens of the parish of St. Paul, Portsea, the dividends to be applied in a similar manner;—£500 each to the Southampton Dispensary and Humane Institution, the Hants Female Orphan Asylum, the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts;—£250 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney; the School for the Indigent Blind, St. George's Fields, Southwark; the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, Old Kent-road; the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury; the Corporation for Clothing, Maintaining, and Educating Poor Orphans of Clergymen of the Church of England; St. John's Foundation School for Sons of Poor Clergymen of the Church of England; and the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society;—£150 each to St. Mary's Cottage Hospital, West Front, Southampton, and the Sanatorium, Bournemouth;—£50 to the Firs Institution, Bournemouth; £12,000 to Henry Studdy Theobald and Harriet Jean Tronson, in equal shares; £9000 between the four daughters of Colonel Robert Hunt and Arthur Edward Stace; £4000 each to the said Rev. Henry Charles Watson, and his daughter Mrs. Lang; and there are numerous other legacies, both pecuniary and specific. The residue of his property is to be divided between the six children of the late Charles Wilcox, Ida Wilcox, and the said Arthur Edward Stace.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the general disposition and settlement (dated Aug. 22, 1884), of Miss Barbara Hay Anderson, of Moredone, who died on May 25 last, at No. 24, Moray-place, Edinburgh, granted to Miss Christina Anderson, the sister, and the surviving executrix nominate, was sealed in London on the 1st ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £42,000.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1881), with two codicils (dated Dec. 31, 1881, and Jan. 4, 1882), of Mr. Edward Chard, formerly of No. 3, Clifford's-inn, Navy agent, but late of No. 20, St. John's Park, Upper Holloway, who died on July 27 last, was proved on the 1st ult. by William Chard and Thomas Chard, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to grand-children, relatives, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided into four equal parts, one of which he gives to each of his children, William, Thomas, and Ellen; and the remaining part is to be held, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Harriet Tibbs.

The will of Mr. Edward Westhead, formerly of Manchester, manufacturer and warehouseman, but late of No. 6, Springfield-terrace, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, who died on Feb. 20 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Mrs. Betsey Collie, the daughter, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000. The testator's wife, to whom he left all his property, having died in his lifetime, the personal estate becomes divisible between his next of kin, according to the statute for the distribution of the estate and effects of an intestate.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1882) of Miss Anna Maria Buller, late of Pound, Devon, who died on Aug. 4 last, was proved on the 8th ult. by George Frederick Buller, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testatrix leaves legacies to members of her family and to her godson, and the rest of her property to her brother and sister, George Frederick and Emma Buller.

The second public park established in the year in the borough of Huddersfield was declared open by Mr. Alderman Wright Mellor, Mayor, last Saturday, amid many signs of public approval. The park consists of thirty acres of land, and was bought by the Corporation several years ago from the trustees of Sir John Ramsden, the lord of the manor, at £1000 per acre, Sir John also giving a contribution of £5000 and paying half the cost of making the roads round it.

THE CHURCH.

The York Diocesan Conference will be held at York on Oct. 29 and 30. The Archbishop will preside.

The Chapel Royal, St. James's, which has been closed for some weeks for the necessary cleaning, will reopen for Divine service on Sunday next (to-morrow).

The Earl of Chichester presided on Tuesday afternoon at a valedictory dismissal of missionaries, at Exeter Hall, in connection with the Church Missionary Society.

The Bishop of Newcastle's Fund, raised for the purpose of Church extension in the new diocese, amounts to £35,511, and several of the contemplated schemes are being carried out.

The Earl of Lathom yesterday week placed a tablet in the corner of a new Sunday school institute which is being erected at Southport to the memory of the late Rector of North Meols, the Rev. Charles Hesketh.

The Bishop of London has intimated that he will hold his fourth visitation in St. Paul's Cathedral from Monday, Nov. 3, to Friday, the 7th, on which latter day he will deliver his charge to the assembled clergy.

On Sunday morning the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry, Gresham-street, was reopened. It had been closed for some time for renovation. The ancient Church of St. Alphage, London-wall, was also reopened.

Mr. W. Reynolds, of Highgate, has laid the first stone of a new church, to be dedicated to All Saints, in the parish of St. John, Upper Holloway—the third which has been erected in the eight years the Rev. W. H. Dearden has been Vicar.

The Chancellorship of the diocese of Bath and Wells, vacant by the death of the Rev. C. W. Bagot, has been conferred by the Bishop on Mr. T. E. Rogers, Recorder of Wells and deputy chairman of the Somerset Quarter Sessions.

A new church is in the course of erection at Southport (St. Philip's), and the Bishop of Liverpool has consented to lay the memorial-stone on the 9th inst. The Church of St. John the Baptist at Pilling, near Fleetwood, is about to be rebuilt at a cost of £4700.

Yesterday week Lord Houghton opened a bazaar at the New House, Gosford, Haddingtonshire, on the estate of the Earl of Wemyss, for the purpose of raising funds to endow the church at Cockenzie. The stalls were presided over by Lady Wemyss and others.

The Bishop of Ripon on Monday laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Headingley, of which the Rev. F. J. Wood, a nephew of the late Lord Hatherley, so long the senior Curate of Leeds, and known for refusing so many offers of valuable preferment, is the Vicar.

The old parish church of St. Padrig, Anglesey, which is one of the most ancient ecclesiastical edifices in Wales, was yesterday week reopened after a complete restoration, carried out at the expense of Lord Stanley of Alderley. The Bishop of Bangor preached in Welsh.

Mrs. Symes, who lately presented the reredos to Bangor Cathedral as a memorial to her brother, Colonel Holt, has expressed her intention of erecting an oaken screen as a memorial to the late Dean Edwards, thereby completing the original designs of Sir Gilbert Scott.

The Bishop of Peterborough on Monday consecrated a church at Silverstone, Northamptonshire, built from the designs of Mr. E. P. St. Aubyn, and erected at the sole cost of Mr. R. Loder, M.P., of Whittlebury. The church replaces a building of the seventeenth century.

Lord Kensington, M.P., has promised £510, payable in ten annual instalments, to the St. David's Diocesan Special Fund for the augmentation of Poor Benefices in the Diocese. The Bishop of St. David's has also subscribed £500, payable by instalments in five years, besides an annual subscription of £100.

The Rev. R. W. Enraght, formerly Vicar of Holy Trinity, Dordesley, visited Birmingham last week, and was presented by his old congregation with a silver communion service; a chalice and cross, handsomely inlaid with precious stones; a communion bag, and a cheque for £150. Mr. Enraght preached to large congregations at All Saints', Small Heath, and at St. Alban's, Birmingham.

The parish church of Akeley, Buckingham, has been much improved in its internal appearance by the filling of the east window with handsome Munich stained glass. The four subjects introduced represent the Nativity, the Baptism, the Angel at the Tomb, and the Supper at Emmaus; and the work is erected as a memorial to the late Rev. J. Holford Pinley, for thirty-three years Rector of the parish. The artists are Messrs. Mayer and Co.

The Church Congress opened its proceedings at Carlisle on Tuesday with a busy and well-filled day. Three sermons were preached by prelates appropriately chosen to represent the Northern Province and the Episcopal Churches of Scotland and Ireland respectively, the Bishop of the Diocese delivered his address as President of the Congress, and several important discussions were opened and pursued. Besides this the occasion was seized before the Congress was formally opened for the presentation by Lord Muncaster of a pastoral staff, subscribed for by the clergy and laity in the diocese, to Dr. Goodwin, the learned and energetic diocesan of Carlisle. An engraving of the pastoral staff is given in the next column.

The Earl of Lovelace has presented the Rev. John T. Willis, Rector of Yerboston-cum-Loveston, Pembrokeshire, to the vicarage of Earls Shilton-cum-Elmsthorp, in the county of Leicester. Lord Lyttelton has conferred the rectory of Hagley, Worcestershire, vacant by the death of Canon Lyttelton, on the Rev. William Cobham Gibbs, Vicar of Abingdon, Berkshire. The Rev. J. W. Wynne Jones, Rector of Lampeter Velfrey, a son-in-law of Lord Aberdare, and formerly a Curate of Dean Edwards at Carnarvon, has been presented to the vicarage of that town, vacant by the resignation of Canon Evans. The Bishop of Lichfield offered the valuable living of Tatenhill, near Burton-on-Trent, to Prebendary Andrew, Rector of Tideswell, and he accepted it, but, at the earnest request of his present parishioners, he has, on reconsideration, declined it. The Rev. Pender Cudlip has accepted the vacant living of All Saints', Sparkwell, Plympton St. Mary, Devon. The Rev. William Scott, of Keble College, Oxford, senior Curate of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, is going to work as a Curate of Cowley St. John's, near Oxford, prior to the formation of a new district to which he is to be appointed. The living of Llanbeblig-with-Carnarvon, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Evans, has been conferred on the Rev. John W. Wynne-Jones, Rector of Lampeter Velfrey, Pembrokeshire, who was formerly Curate of Carnarvon and Rector of Aberdare. The Simeon Trustees, who are patrons of the living of Swansea, which has been vacated by the removal of the Rev. Dr. Morgan to St. Mary's, Leamington, have offered the living to Canon Smith, of Nottingham, and, subject to the approval of the Bishop of St. David's, the rev. Canon has decided to accept it. The vicarage of St. Mark's Church, Victoria Park, London, has been presented by the Hyndman's Trustees to the Rev. Matthew Sweetman, of St. Aidan's Theological College, who has for some time filled a curacy in the North of England.

A BISHOP'S PASTORAL STAFF.

Upon the occasion of the meeting of the Church Congress this week at Carlisle, the clergy and laity of that diocese presented to their Bishop, the Right Rev. Harvey Goodwin, D.D., a pastoral staff manufactured by Messrs. Barkentin and Krall, of Regent-street, London. The design was furnished by Messrs. Bodley and Garner, architects, of Gray's Inn. The stem is of ivory, in three pieces jointed together, the joints, separable at convenience, being covered by knops of silver gilt. The upper part, 2 ft. long, is of silver gilt, rising from a flat hexagonal knop bearing the inscription, in Latin, "Thy rod and thy staff comfort me." Above this, the stem for nearly four inches is hexagonal, richly chased with foliage, and supports a second and larger knop, a much flattened sphere, richly jewelled with amethysts, topazes and pearls; the amethysts and topazes are uncut, and the latter are set in brooches of small pearls, producing a rich, quaint, and old-fashioned effect. Above the jewelled knop, the stem swells out and supports two tiers, each of six inches, with canopies, finials, and crockets exquisitely worked with architectural detail of the Early English period. The upper and smaller tier of niches contains shields, on each of which is the sacred monogram I.H.S.: in the lower are six figures in oxidised silver, illustrative of the early history of the diocese of Carlisle. They are those of St. Ninian, St. Kentigern, St. Cuthbert, and St. Herbert of Derwentwater, known to all North British ecclesiastical antiquaries; King Henry I., who founded the see, and Athelwald, the first Bishop of Carlisle, all arrayed in their proper costume. Above these figures, which are two inches high, is the



PASTORAL STAFF FOR THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

pastoral crook, oval in section, richly chased with foliage, and having crockets of trefoil leaves. An angel praying, in oxidised silver, is on the inner side below the round of the crook. The crook itself is filled with delicate tracery of trefoils and circles, and in the centre is the Annunciation: the figures of the Angel and the Virgin, who kneel on each side of a pot of lilies, are of oxidised silver, with gilt nimbus over the head; above hovers the Holy Ghost, represented by a nimbed and radiated dove; on a label are the words *Ecce Ancilla Domini*. The whole design is shown in our illustration.

A second edition has been issued of "Obiter Dicta" (Elliot Stock), which was favourably noticed in our Number for Aug. 23.

Mr. M. D. Chalmers, of London and the South-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed County Court Judge for Birmingham, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Motteram.

Another addition to the numerous family of asteroids has been discovered by a Venetian observer. The new planet is described as of the thirteenth magnitude.

Miss Peck began her series of lectures on "Ruined Cities and their Remains" at the British Museum last Wednesday. The series will include Persepolis, Palmyra, and Baalbec, Tyre and Sidon, Petra, Tarsus, and the cities of Lycia.

The Stock Exchange is to be lighted throughout with the electric light, both in the old and new buildings. The contract for carrying out this work has been intrusted to Messrs. Woodhouse and Rawson.

Nearly the whole of the metropolitan and provincial hospitals, and medical schools in connection with them, inaugurated the commencement of the session on Wednesday, by introductory addresses.

With the exception of Spofforth, the Australian cricketers all left this country on Thursday week, sailing from Gravesend in the P. and O. steam-ship Mirzapore. All the men were in capital health and spirits, and expressed themselves delighted with their trip. Spofforth will sail next week in the Ganges.

Mr. C. S. Roundell, M.P., yesterday week opened a new school at Brighton, which has been specially established for giving instruction in the higher standards. It will accommodate 615 children, and has cost nearly £10,000. On the third floor there is provision for nearly 300 more children receiving instruction in connection with the Science and Art Department; and there is a cookery school on the top floor.

THE COURT.

On Monday morning the Queen drove out with Princess Beatrice, and in the afternoon her Majesty, attended by Lady Churchill and the Hon. Frances Drummond, drove to the Dantzig Shiel. Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse rode out and met the Queen at the Shiel. The Queen enjoys excellent health. Yesterday week her Majesty drove to Abergeldie Mains in the morning, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse, and honoured Colonel Byng and his daughters with a visit. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh lunched with the Queen and Royal family. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out with the Princess of Wales and the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Duchess of Albany drove, attended by Miss Bauer. Princess Irene of Hesse, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales rode out. Last Saturday afternoon the Queen drove, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse, attended by Lady Churchill, to Invercauld, and honoured Colonel Farquharson with a visit, and the Duchess of Albany drove out, attended by Miss Bauer. The Marquis of Hartington, who arrived at the Castle as Minister in attendance, and Colonel Farquharson, of Invercauld, had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. The Queen telegraphed to Stoneleigh Abbey her condolence with Lord and Lady Leigh on the distressing death of their eldest son, the Hon. Gilbert Leigh, M.P. Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning by the Rev. A. Campbell, of Crathie, in the presence of the Queen and the Royal family and the Royal household. Count Herbert Bismarck and the Marquis of Hartington had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Sir Edward Malet has returned from paying a visit to her Majesty at Balmoral before his departure for Berlin.

During some hours of the forenoon of yesterday week the Prince of Wales was engaged at lawn-tennis along with the Earl of Fife and a number of the Mar Lodge party. In the afternoon his Royal Highness, accompanied by the Earl of Fife, drove by the Victoria Bridge and Old Mar Lodge to Glenderry, in the neighbourhood of Benmacdhui, where the Prince went out deer-shooting. That division of the forest was the scene of a grand deer drive, which proved a capital success, the result being that nine stags were killed, of which seven fell to the Prince's rifle. His Royal Highness dined at Mar Lodge in the evening. In celebration of the remarkable feat of the Prince of Wales in killing seven stags to his own rifle on Friday in Mar Forest, a dance by torchlight to the gillies and others was given at night in front of Mar Lodge. About thirty gamekeepers and gillies dressed in Highland costume took part in the dance, which was kept up till a late hour, the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Fife, and the distinguished visitors now at Mar Lodge, remaining till the close. Last Saturday evening the Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Teesdale, Lord Colville of Culross, and Mr. Francis Knollys, C.B., drove home to Abergeldie Castle. On Thursday week Prince Albert Victor of Wales drove from Abergeldie Castle to Invercauld House on a visit to Colonel Farquharson. The Colonel afterwards, in company with his Royal guest, drove to the distant shooting-lodge of Loch Bulig, in the north-eastern division of Invercauld Forest and nearly in the shadow of Ben Avon. Yesterday week Prince Albert Victor went out deer-stalking in Invercauld Forest, accompanied by his host. The young Prince was successful in killing one splendid stag, carrying a very showy antlered head. The Prince returned to Abergeldie in the evening.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left Birkhall last Saturday morning. They journeyed to Ballater in a closed carriage, the weather being wet and stormy. Their Royal Highnesses arrived at York station about half-past nine p.m., and passed the night at the Station Hotel. On Sunday morning they drove in a private carriage to the Cathedral, where they attended Divine service. They left York by special train in the afternoon for Brough, becoming the guests of Mr. C. Sykes, M.P., at Brantingham Thorpe. On Wednesday the Duke opened a Sailors' Home at Hull, laid the foundation-stone of a new wing to the Infirmary, and opened a bazaar in aid of the Spring Bank Orphanage.

The Duke of Cambridge arrived in Dublin on Monday for the purpose of making an official inspection of the troops in Ireland. The last visit of his Royal Highness to the sister island was in 1868, when he was present at the installation of the Prince of Wales as a Knight of St. Patrick. On Tuesday there was an inspection of all the troops in garrison in the Phoenix Park. The Duke was accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer, and attended by a numerous staff. On Wednesday the Duke proceeded to the Curragh to inspect the troops there and at Newbridge. His Royal Highness returned to Dublin in the afternoon and was entertained at an official dinner by Sir Thomas Steele, K.C.B., Commander of the forces in Ireland.

The Royal yacht Osborne sailed from Portsmouth yesterday week for Cowes, to embark the children of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, who, having concluded their visit to England, have returned to Germany.

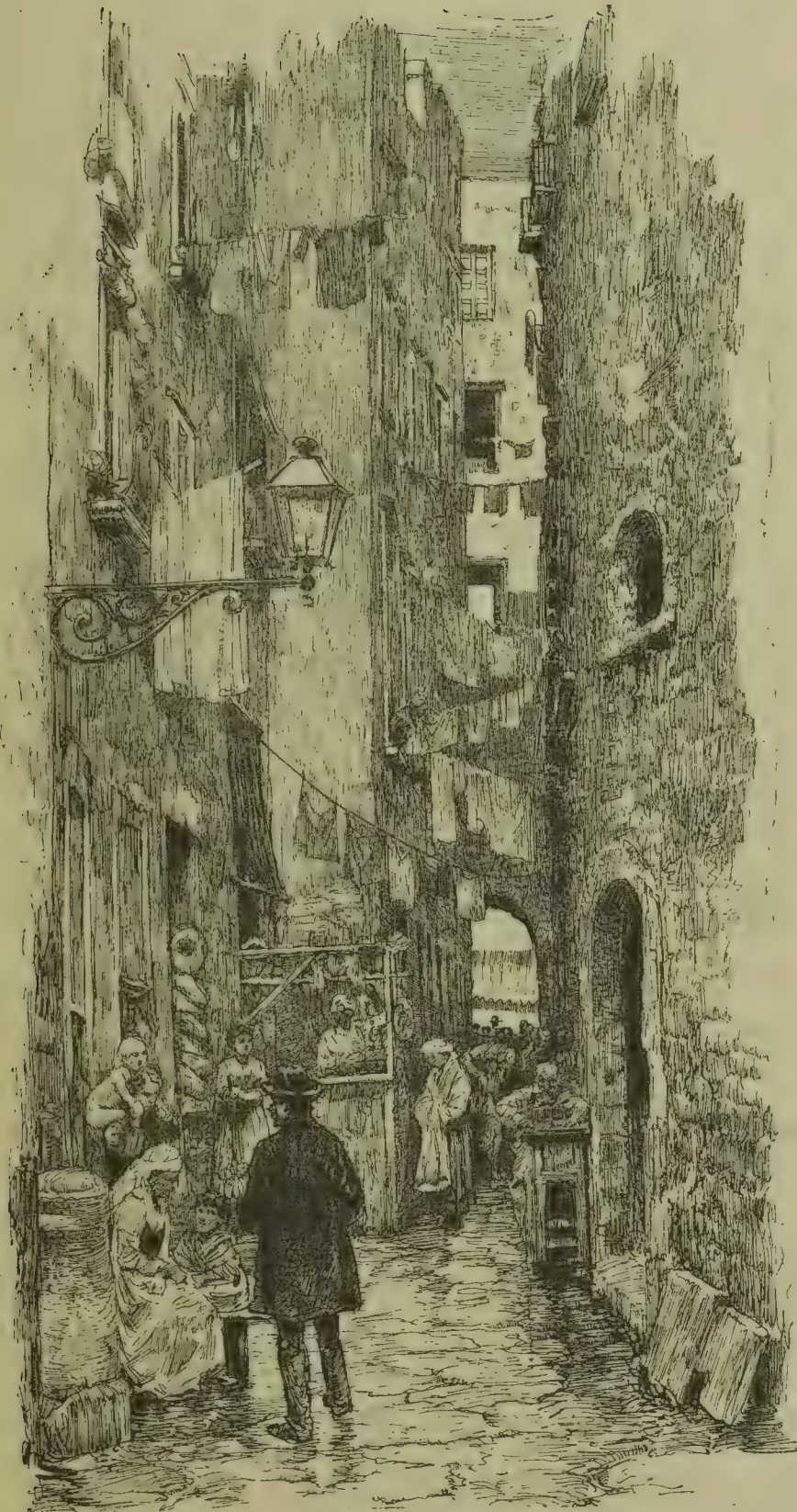
FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The Hon. George Augustus Anson, R.H.A., second son of the Earl of Lichfield, was married to Blanche, fourth daughter of the late Mr. G. Miller, of Bentry, Gloucestershire, in Henbury church, near Bristol, last Saturday. The Hon. Fitzroy Stewart was the best man; and the six bridesmaids were the Lady Beatrice Anson, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Maud and Miss Muriel Miller, sisters, and Miss Constance Miller and Miss J. Lucas, cousins of the bride, and Miss Peel.

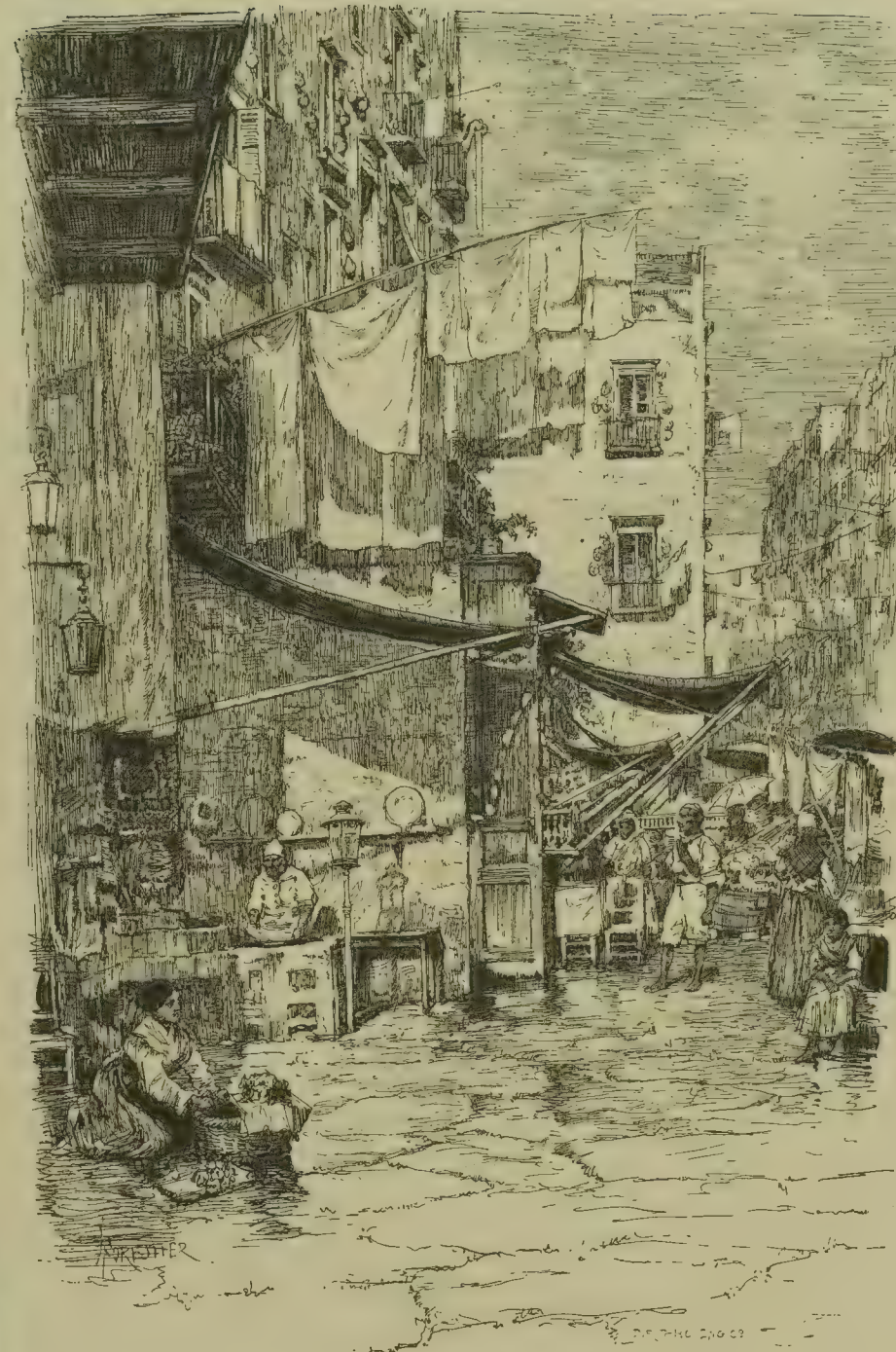
Mr. Angus Roderick Macdonald, second son of Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald and the Hon. Lady Macdonald, was married to Miss Leucolene Helen Clarke, only daughter of the Rev. Henry Clarke, M.A., on Wednesday week, at St. Servan.

The marriage of Captain H. Morland, of the 5th Lancers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Morland, of Court Lodge, Lamberhurst, with Lady Alice Maud Nevill, second daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Abergavenny, was solemnised on Tuesday morning in the parish church of Frant, Sussex, by the Bishop of Sodor and Man, formerly Rector of the parish, assisted by three clergymen. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of pearl satin duchesse, trimmed with orange-blossoms and Brussels lace, the front embroidered in white jet. She wore no jewellery, except a diamond star, the gift of the bridegroom. She was attended by six bridesmaids—namely, the Ladies Idina, Rose, and Violet Nevill, her sisters; Miss Egan, cousin of the bridegroom; Miss Baillie Hamilton, and Miss Ruby Streatfield, who wore dresses of cream lace and satin, with gold bonnets, and carried bouquets of yellow flowers and brown leaves. The bridegroom presented each of them with a gold bangle, with the crest of the 5th Lancers in enamel. The bride was also attended by Lord Henry Nevill's youthful son and daughter. The best man was Mr. Henry Lennard.

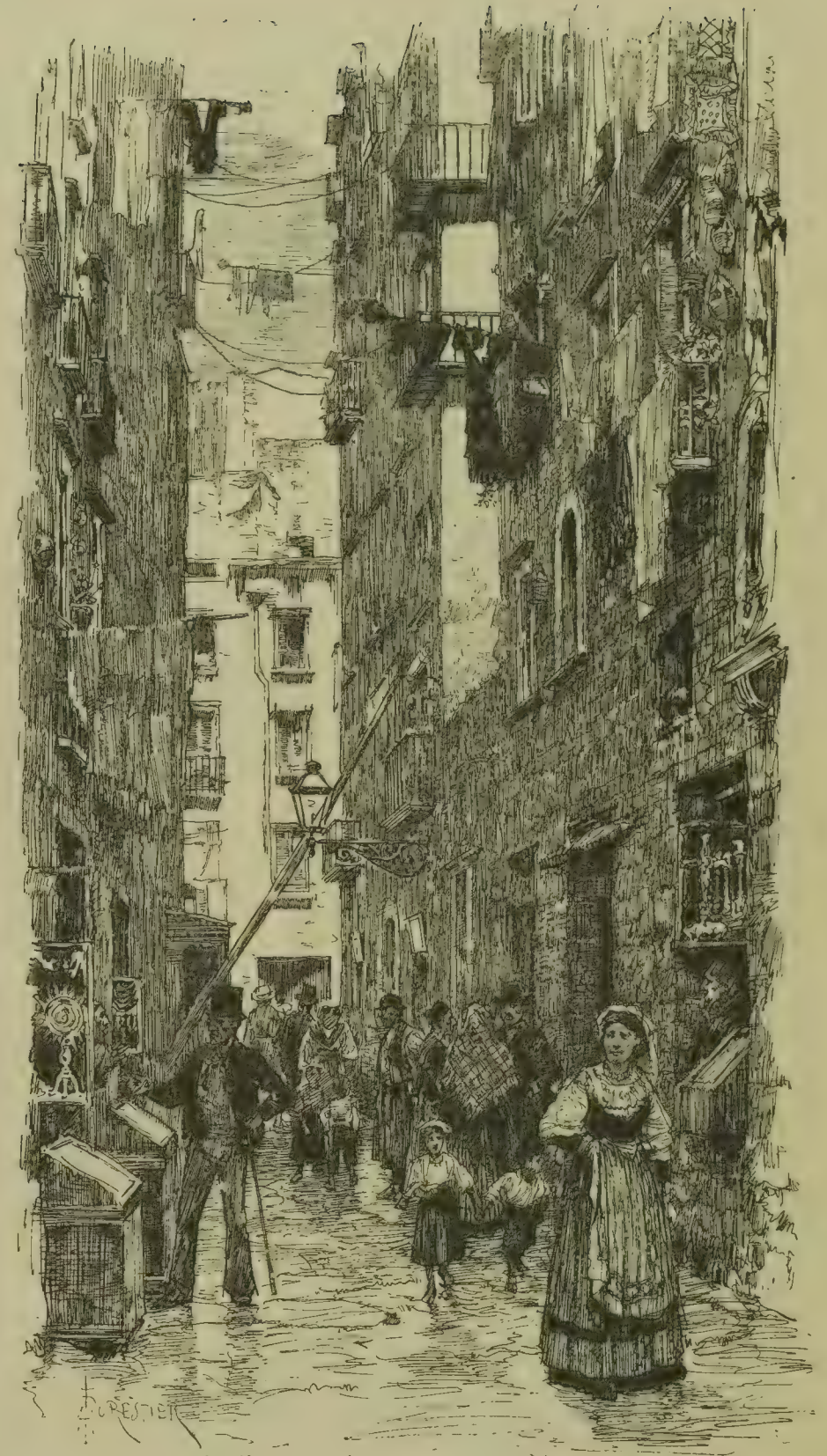
Colonel Edward St. Aubyn has been appointed deputy warden of the Stannaries of Cornwall and Devon.



A LANE LEADING OUT OF VIA PORTO.



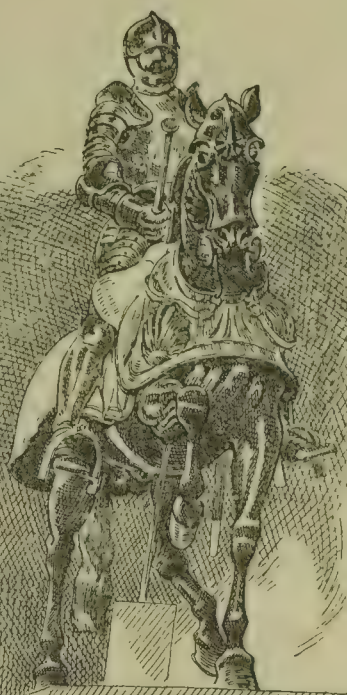
CORNER OF VIA PORTO.



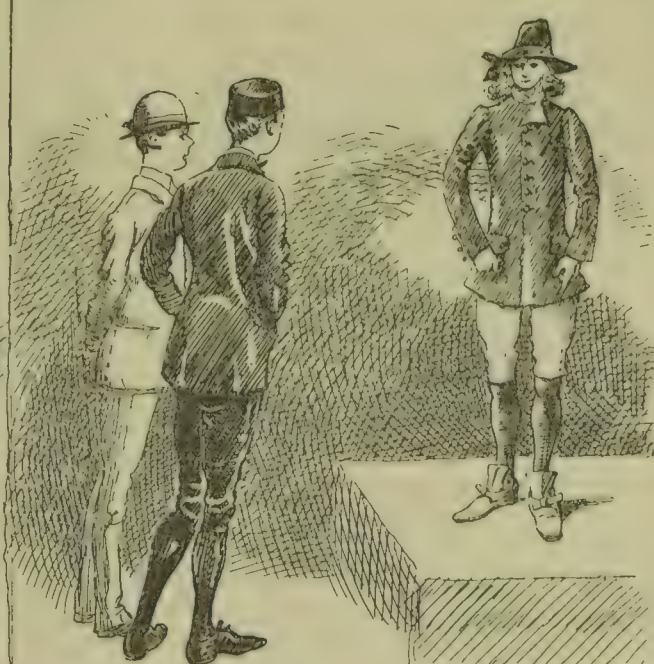
VIA OREFICI.



TIME OF
KING CHARLES II.



KNIGHT IN ARMOUR
KING HENRY VIII



QUEEN ANNE. 1712



TOWN DRESS
KING GEORGE II

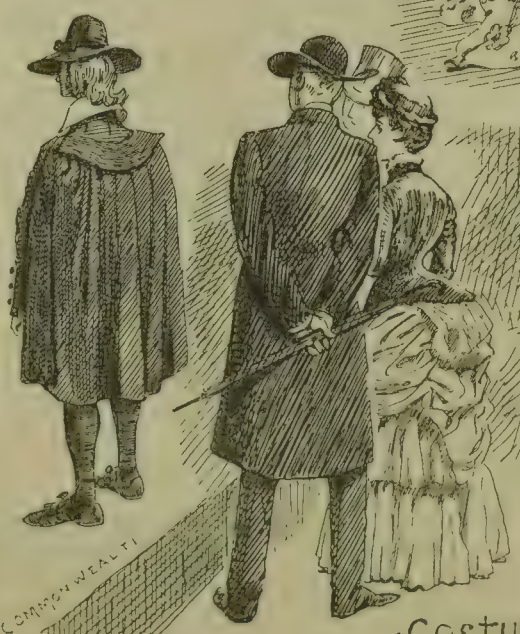
"WHAT A MUFF"



RURAL - TIME OF
KING GEORGE II



QUEEN VICTORIA



COMMON WEALTH

COUNTRY COSTUME KING GEORGE II.
CRIPPS FAMILY OF DERBY.



QUEEN ANNE
HEAD DRESS.



RICHARD III

THE RECESS.

Stormy as have been the antagonistic speeches of Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury in Scotland, there is a break in the clouds. Negotiations have taken place with a view to the settlement in a mutually satisfactory manner of the difference between the Lords and Commons. It is to be hoped oil will have been effectually thrown on the troubled waters by the time Parliament is called upon, as Ministerial and Opposition leaders have reminded their adherents, to reassemble on Oct. 23.

The enthusiastic welcome of the Marquis of Salisbury to Glasgow on Tuesday by upwards of ten thousand Conservatives was indisputably a significant incident in the present agitation. The noble Marquis maintained his position with characteristic boldness and tenacity in replying to the formal greetings from the Glasgow Conservative Association and the Orange Grand Lodge of Scotland. He justified the ground taken up by the majority of the House of Lords in declining to pass the County Franchise Bill uncoupled with the Redistribution measure proposed by the Government. His Lordship defended this step as perfectly legitimate on the part of the Conservative Party, the interests of which, he resolutely maintained, would be sacrificed were a general election to take place under the new Franchise Bill. Such was the burden also of the speeches Lord Salisbury was called upon to make in Glasgow on Wednesday. But it may be profitable to contrast with the irony of which the noble Marquis is master the graver and weightier utterance of Mr. Gladstone in the City Hall of Perth on the Wednesday of last week:—

The patience of the country was tried to a certain extent by the vote in July. Since that time masses of evidence have been accumulating, sufficient, and more than sufficient, as we think, for the satisfaction of all reasonable minds. It is not to be expected that we should consent to acquiesce in a state of things in which irresponsible power is to be continually and obstinately pitted against power which is responsible. The propositions involved in such a doctrine as that would go to the very root of your liberties. If the independence of the House of Lords is to be pleaded as a reason for permanently resisting propositions so moderate and so reasonable as those involved in the Franchise Bill, then, indeed, the question would be raised whether hereditary and irresponsible power should any longer be tolerated in its present shape, and the country would be embarked in a controversy of which I will only say that I fear it would be bitter; I know it would be long, but it could only end one way—in great and extensive changes in the present balance of the Constitution.

The Prime Minister's return home from Scotland was marked by a continuance of the marked enthusiasm which greeted him at every stage of his triumphal progress. Mr. Gladstone, in the brief addresses elicited from him by cheering multitudes at Edinburgh, Carlisle, and Preston, repeated his words of warning to the House of Lords.

On Saturday last, Mr. Chamberlain at a meeting near Birmingham, Mr. Forster at Otley, Mr. Cowen at Blaydon-Tyne, and Mr. Samuel Morley at Tunbridge, offered similar counsel to the majority of the Peers. The President of the Board of Trade, on what grounds we do not know, hazarded the opinion that the Lords would not yield after all. But we are, nevertheless, not without hope that it will yet be found the followers of the Marquis of Salisbury in the House of Lords have reawakened to the fact that discretion is the better part of valour.

The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach has given seven guineas to the German Teachers' Association.

Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., has given £200, and a townsman, who requests his name to be withheld, has sent £105 towards the relief of distress in the town of Sunderland.

The Pier and Harbour Commissioners have recommended the Treasury to grant £60,000 for new piers and harbours on the coasts of Donegal, Sligo, Mayo, Galway, and Clare.

A meeting of commercial travellers was held last week at the Mansion House, when a resolution was adopted approving of a scheme for establishing, in all the leading towns, hotels and clubs for the use of members of the commercial community.

Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., of Vernon Holme, near Canterbury, completed his eighty-first year yesterday week. The School of Art which he presented to his native city of Canterbury has been rebuilt.

Colonel Sir Archibald C. Campbell, of Blythwood, has been unanimously nominated for election as Grand Master Mason for Scotland, in succession to the Earl of Mar and Kellie, who retires on St. Andrew's Day.

General Newdigate, commanding the Eastern District, yesterday week presented medals for distinguished bravery to the men of the Lancashire Regiment who were present at El Teb and Tamasi.

On Tuesday the Sanitary Congress and Exhibition were opened in Dublin. The ceremony was performed by the Lord Mayor, who also presided at a public luncheon which preceded the opening. In the evening Sir Robert Rawlinson, the President of the Congress, gave his inaugural address.

According to the revenue returns published on Tuesday evening, there is a net decrease in the national receipts for the quarter ending Sept. 30 of £536,263; for the half-year of £1,390,598; and for the year of £3,795,910, as compared with the corresponding periods in 1883.

The Health Committee of the Liverpool Corporation recommend the appropriation of twenty-five acres of Wavertree Park as a site for a hospital for infectious diseases. They recommend the erection of a series of buildings with a wide belt of land and trees to secure isolation.

BRINSMEAD AND SONS' PIANOFORTES.

The progress made in all branches of science and art during the Victorian era has tended to revolutionise most old-world ideas and the pace at which new experiments develop into practical use, and even become themselves what it is the fashion of the hour to call time-worn and out of date, is to any reflective mind surprising. Particularly are these observations apposite when the strides made in the manufacture of musical instruments come to be considered, and especially do they point to the pianoforte, which, as the most popular of all mechanical sound-producers, is naturally the one that has received most attention at the hands of the inventors. Among these latter none takes a higher rank in the musical world than the firm of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, who may be said to have inaugurated a new era for the instrument with which their names for so many years have been indissolubly associated. As a striking illustration of the advancement alluded to, no better contrast could be cited than that which a piano of the Regency, or to speak more correctly, of that epoch immediately preceding the advent of our present Sovereign, affords when placed side by side with one of the latest outcomes of this firm's skill as shown at the International Exhibition now drawing to a close at Sydenham. Here can be seen in concrete form the ideal dream which fancy may conjecture as having filled the brain of Cristofali the Florentine, who nearly two centuries ago had evolved the rude nucleus of our present piano. Here may be inspected instruments which have won the encomiums of crowned heads, Princes and Dukes galore, and indeed it would be difficult to conceive a higher standard of perfection in detail or ensemble than the elegant exhibit of the Wigmore-street firm in the great glass palace on the Surrey hills, where they have gained the Diploma of Honour and Gold Medal. Yet it is only when a Liszt sits down and draws upon that well of harmony, or a Rubinstein wakens the echoes with the thundering roll which, to some ears, is the sweetest melody, that one really begins to comprehend the delicate manipulative finesse of a great piano-maker. Why is it, asks the curious critic, that Brinsmead's Sostenente make should give forth notes of such sonorous tone? To tell the initiated that this curvature of form to which the sounding board is adjusted is the main secret, and that the wearing out of this important adjunct, once the great bane of pianists, has been obviated by a simple remedy patented under the name of the "Tone Compensator," is to talk language as intelligible as the tongue of Lilliput, or, what is much more terrible, the argot of an East-End cockney. But run over the scales, and the full effect of these modern improvements is heard in a dialect which requires no laborious grammar or ponderous lexicon to make plain, for the language of true harmony is universal.

Setting aside the technicalities of check-repeater action and pedal improvements, taking for granted that Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons include in their instrument every kind of accessory which serves to make a piano perfect, there must, at the same time, be a sense of satisfaction when the purchaser of a Brinsmead Cottage or a Brinsmead Grand finds that the highest authorities in Europe unite in a dispassionate paean of praise of those particular instruments which is absolutely monotonous in its superlatives. The approval of Kontski, Sims Reeves, the Abbé Liszt, and Gounod, each and all masters of the first class, should be sufficient to satisfy the most exigent. But Messrs. Brinsmead's catalogue of favourable opinions—from the Kings of Bavaria and Portugal, the Conservatoires of Brussels and Rome, down to the latest *parvenu*, who feels that only through Wigmore-street can his drawing-room have the finishing touch put to it—is much too formidable an affair to receive that plenitude of attention it deserves in the course of a brief newspaper notice. Suffice it to say that there is no capital in the world where the name is not one to conjure with in musical circles, and a household word all round; and if the firm which for fifty years has devoted itself to a pianoforte culture sometimes displays a little natural pride in the vast business they have created, and in the great statistical fact that their huge factories turn out a complete instrument every working hour throughout the year, who shall blame them?

The Master Cutler of Sheffield has arranged for the Cutlers' Feast to take place on Thursday, the 16th inst.

Sir John Lubbock, M.P., gave the address at the opening of the thirty-first year of the Working Men's College, Great Ormond-street, on Thursday evening.

The meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute at Chester was concluded yesterday week, when excursions were made to various places of interest in North Wales.

Lord Enfield has been appointed Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Middlesex, in the room of the late Duke of Wellington.

After hearing a deputation from the Poplar District Board on the question of additional means of transit across the Thames below London Bridge, the Metropolitan Board of Works has remitted the whole subject to the Works Committee.

The Mayor of Bradford (Alderman Isaac Smith), assisted by Mr. J. Holden, M.P., and Mr. A. Illingworth, M.P., on Tuesday laid the memorial-stone of the new extension to Bradford Infirmary, which is to be made at a cost of about £12,000. The Mayor announced that the amount required for the extension had been already raised, and £3000 in addition, to be handed over to the investment fund, the total amount subscribed being nearly £16,000. Mr. Holden, M.P., headed the subscription-list with £1000.

THE OLD COSTUMES EXHIBITION.

Few of the million visitors to the International Health Exhibition at South Kensington forget the amusing collection of life-sized wax figures attired in the different costumes worn by English people at successive periods from the Norman Conquest to the reign of George IV. This collection, placed in the West Quadrant galleries between the Aquarium and the Conservatory, was designed and arranged by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, who delivered, on June 24, an interesting lecture on "The History of English Dress," Mr. G. A. Sala presiding over the audience. The costumes were made, from Mr. Wingfield's designs, by Messrs. Auguste and Co., of Wellington-street, but the wigs by Mr. C. H. Fox, of Russell-street, Covent-garden; the wax figures are the workmanship of Mr. Edwards of Waterloo-road. They stand in nineteen glass cases, each of which is designated by the name of one of the English Kings or Queens; but some important reigns, that of Edward III. for example, are not included, since they did not bring in any marked change of civil costume. The Exhibition of Military Costume, furnished partly by the armour collections in the Tower, by the War Department, the United Service Institution, and by Messrs. L. and H. Nathan and Messrs. Tussaud, is a separate affair. We have selected, for the subjects of a page of Sketches, that of one of the ladies of the time of Richard II.; a knight in armour, on horseback, of Henry VIII.'s reign; a Puritan of the Commonwealth period; a gentleman of Charles II.'s time; one of Queen Anne's time, with a contemporary lady's head-dress; the dress of a country squire, and that of a lady in Derbyshire, under King George II., and a fashionable Londoner's dress of the same period. In each of these instances, our Artist has introduced one or two spectators, from among the ordinary visitors to this year's Health Exhibition, who are inspecting the figures of their possible ancestors, in apparent unconsciousness of some points of resemblance between the old dress and that worn by themselves at the present day. There is, however, an utter and absolute dissimilarity in the case of the military uniform worn by the two soldiers of the Guards, compared with the iron shell of plate-armour that encases the knight who may have fought at Flodden. Among the costumes worn by middle-class people in common domestic and social life, the persistency or repetition of the same general forms seems natural; while there is, as might be expected, less change in the dress of people living in rural neighbourhoods than in town. This last remark is strikingly illustrated by the two Sketches of "Town Dress" and "Rural," of the time of King George II., viewed together with the modern attire of some visitors to South Kensington. The alteration of shape in masculine attire since the early part of the eighteenth century has been gradual, and has been more conspicuous in the abridgment of waistcoats, the adoption of trousers instead of breeches, and some modification of collar and sleeve in the frock-coat, than in the introduction of essentially novel garments. Flaps and full skirts, with plaits or folds, sleeve-cuffs, ruffles, frills, and neckcloths, have been discarded, as well as cocked hats, wigs, and shoe-buckles; and black has superseded all colour in men's dress. The muff was only a passing whim of effeminate affectation, but instances of its being carried by some gentlemen are cited in Mr. Wingfield's lecture.

Pheasant-shooting opened on Wednesday with favourable prospects.

The Lord Mayor on Tuesday forwarded £1000 as a first instalment from the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers by the cholera at Naples.

Two heavily armed gun-boats built for the Queensland Government for coast defence have gone through satisfactory trials on the Tyne.

Mr. John Bayley, of Plymouth, has communicated his intention of presenting to the inhabitants his portion of the land at the mouth of the Plymouth Leat, for the purpose of constructing a storage reservoir.

At a meeting of the Board of Delegates of the Hospital Saturday Fund it was reported that the last street collection will probably amount to about two thousand eight hundred pounds, which is about five hundred pounds more than in the previous year. The workshop contributions are also larger than last year. The idea of a supplementary collection was therefore abandoned.

The annual autumn route march of a detachment of the London Rifle Brigade for the purpose of instruction in minor tactics and outpost duty took place on Saturday afternoon and Sunday. An inspection of the 2nd Durham (Seaham) Artillery Volunteers took place at Seaham Harbour last Saturday afternoon, by the Colonel Commandant, the Marquis of Londonderry, after which the prizes won by the detachments of the regiment were distributed by the Marchioness of Londonderry.

The Countess of Strathmore presented 358 certificates to the Dundee classes of the St. John Ambulance Association on Friday week; and Lord Egerton of Tatton presided at a meeting at Stockport on Saturday to open the ensuing session.—A detached class of the St. John's Ambulance Association was formed some time ago by Assistant Surgeon Arthur Price, of her Majesty's Convict Prison, Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, for the purpose of teaching the warders how to render "first aid to the sick and wounded." The examination was held by Surgeon-Major Wearne, A.M.D., on Saturday last, when eighteen candidates presented themselves, all of whom passed.

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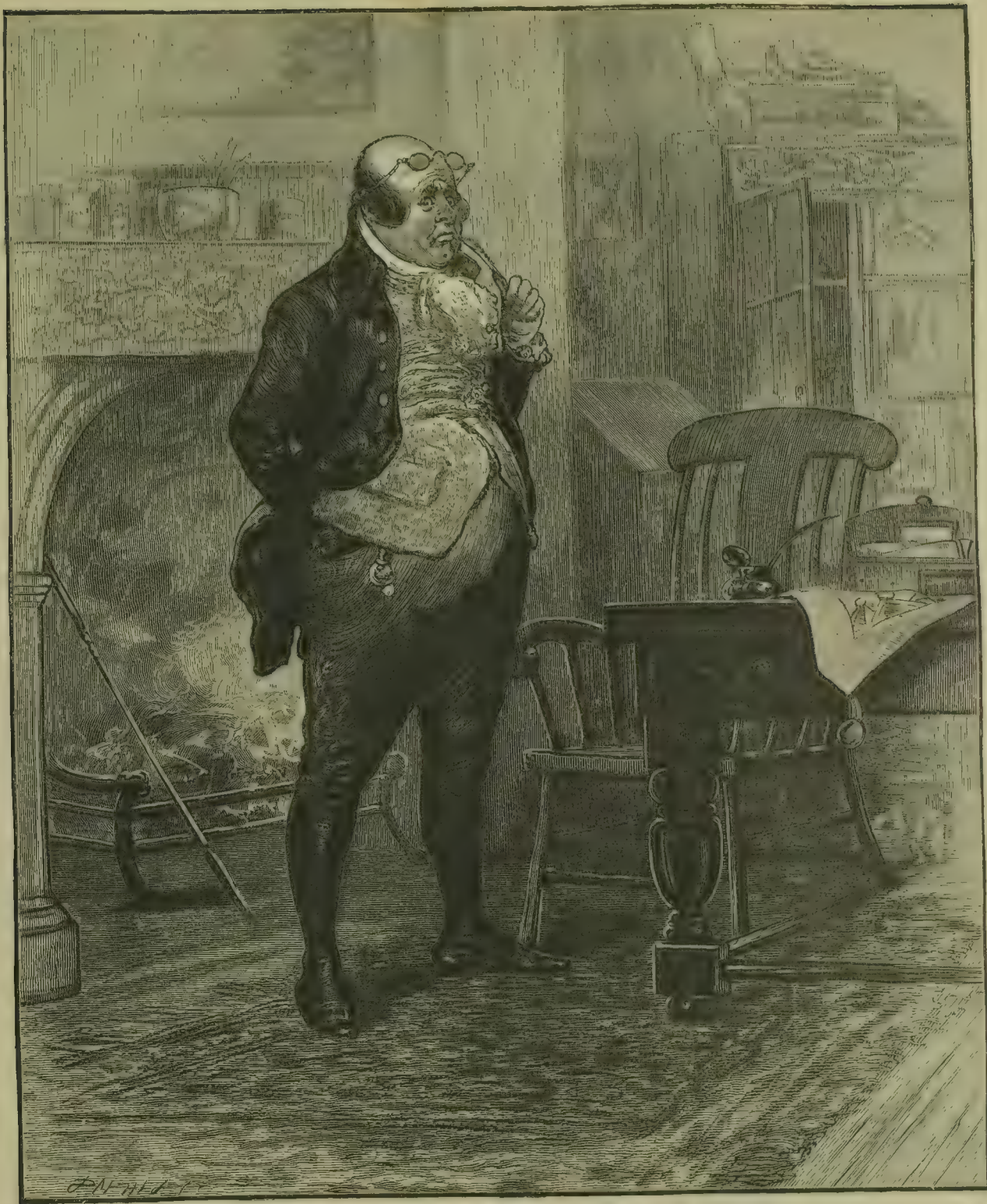
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"Oh what fools we are!" Mr. Ware reflected.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE GOOD FORTUNE.



gentlemen were in the lawyer's private office when Captain Quickset entered. One was Mr. Ware, junior, himself—a florid personage, who might be considered as descended from a farmer and grazier on one side of his house, and from a Bishop's butler on the other. Though still Mr. Ware, junior, he was a grandfather of some years standing, and had a grandson articulated to himself: so what distinctive description would be given to the junior's junior was already becoming a debatable question. He had married into a county family, and

had a son at the bar: so his clients, attorney as he was, almost regarded him as one of themselves.

The other gentleman, standing while the lawyer sat, was a still handsome man of some fifty years old, well preserved by nature, and still better preserved by the arts that help her. He was tall, and had kept his figure to perfection; he was fair, but, though he had wisely left the colour of his hair to the hands of Time, who always knows best what to do, he had scarcely a wrinkle, except a few printed by the crow. His expression denoted little strength, but much refinement and

keenness: all men are more or less either Roman, Greek, Hebrew, or Mongol, and he belonged to the Greek order. He was evidently, moreover, something of a beau, but in a very different sense from that in which the Captain was one. The latter had been unapproachable for elegance at Stoke Juliot, but he seemed to shrivel up into something remarkably like vulgarity (from beau into buck, so to speak) when in presence of this plainly dressed, quiet mannered gentleman.

"Ah, Quickset, you're punctual," said the attorney, nodding to him without rising. "Sir Miles, this is Quickset, you know."

Sir Miles Heron, of Wrenshaw, bowed with just a touch of stiffness in his courtesy—a stiffness, however, evidently not intentional. The Captain bowed with his usual familiar ease.

"I am very pleased to make the personal acquaintance of Sir Miles Heron," said he. "I am perfectly ready with my report. Shall I begin?"

"If you please," said Mr. Ware; while Sir Miles began, as though seized with a sudden fit of abstraction, to pace the room slowly between the window and the door.

"Shall I give it to you, Sir, or to Sir Miles?" asked the Captain.

"To me," answered the attorney, throwing a slight glance behind him, and seeing how his client was engaged. "It will be all the same."

"Very well," said the Captain, drawing a seat to the table and sitting down. "I will, since it's all the same. My commission, as I understood it, was to make inquiries whether a West Indian named the *Good Fortune* had ever been heard of on the coast of Cornwall, North Devon, Somerset, or South Wales. I understood that the work was put into my hands for the excellent reason that the work was of a nature requiring at once courage, discretion, delicacy."

"Yes, yes," suddenly interrupted Sir Miles, impatiently. "That was the reason. Well?" He had stood still for half a moment; and then continued his quarter-deck-like walk a little more quickly than before.

"Pray get to the point, Quickset," said the lawyer. "Of course we hoped we knew our man. Well?"

"Faith, then, gentlemen, not to be e-ghost-ical, I found you were right—the job did want all those things. Why, on my life and soul, 'tis as much as a man's life is worth, to put

things mildly, to be heard asking for a lost ship along parts of that shore. 'Twas not so bad on the Welsh side: though I learned enough there to make me shy of asking plain questions on the other."

"We know all that," said Mr. Ware. "Do get on." "I'm getting on—though if you'd time to hear a few dozen of my adventures, 't would make your skin creep and your hair curl—it would, on my life and soul. Talk of your Indies—I say England trumps 'em all. But where there's a will there's a wit: and where there's a wit there's a way. However, not to make a short story long, I'll tell you all about that another time."

"If you please, Quickset," said Mr. Ware. "By all means another time."

"Let me see—I shall have to leave out all the interesting part: but that's your misfortune and Sir Miles's—not mine. Talking of oneself is always dull work, and dry. However, to make a long story short, I went everywhere on the right tack, as they say in those nautical parts, and made friends with the women everywhere. Bless their souls and mine, 'tis wonderful how far one may travel, and how much one can learn, with a kiss and a soft word: and then there isn't a woman in any parish who doesn't know ten times as much as all the men. And there isn't one doesn't keep open heart to a gentleman—doesn't wear her heart upon her sleeve, for jaws to peck at, as they say in the play."

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Quickset," broke in Sir Miles, stopping again abruptly, "let the play alone. I am here to learn results—what do I care how they are gained."

"I'm afraid we must let the fellow tell his story in his own manner, Sir Miles," said the attorney. "If one interrupts a witness of that sort, one only gets one step forward and two back again."

"As they say in the play," repeated the Captain, not a whit disturbed. "The consequence is that I've got a list of all the wrecks from Pen Caer to Tol Pen Penwith—there's names for you, and all unknown of—for the last twenty years: and not one of them's named the *Good Fortune*—no: not one. I'm exceedingly glad if that is any satisfaction to you, gentlemen: but I need not say I am sorry for my own, considering how much of my service money was to depend on my succeeding."

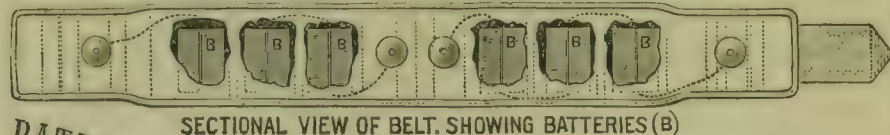
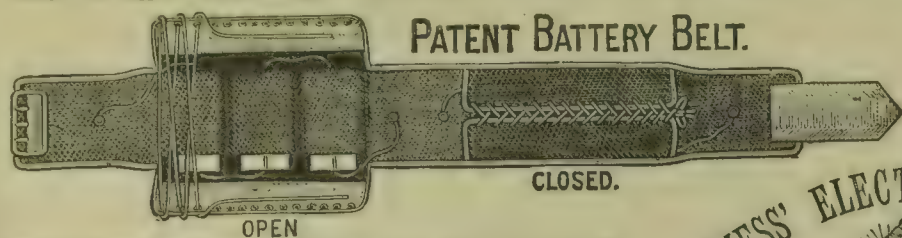
(Continued on page 331.)

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Aldworth, Haslemere, Surrey, June 25.
I have worn your Harness' Battery Belt about six weeks, and I am glad to say that I am much better, and hope, by continuing wearing the Belt, I shall get quite well.

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Southfleet, Gravesend, May 17.
Suffering much from headaches, I tried your Patent Harness' Battery Belt, and have found great relief from it.

J. ARMSTRONG.

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5, Maitland-Terrace, Bruce-grove, Tottenham, May 12.
In answer to your letter, I am sorry I have neglected writing to you so long, but I am pleased to tell you the result of the Harness' Battery Belt is very satisfactory, as it has quite cured me of Rheumatism. I have not lost any time since I had the Belt; I still continue using it, as I find great benefit from it, and I have recommended it to several people that are suffering from the complaint—in fact, two different people have wanted me to lend them my Belt to try the experiment, as they see it has done me so much good; but I tell them to come to your place and buy one, as I do not mean to part with mine. Wishing you the greatest success, I remain, yours truly,

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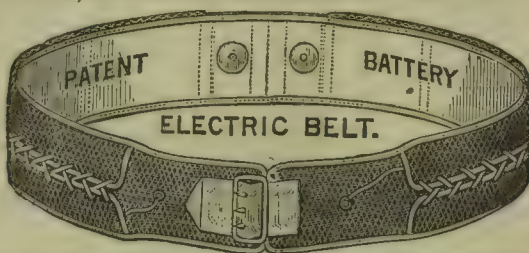
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21, Marlboro'-street, West-street, Leeds, May 19.
Received yours last Tuesday. I am glad to state that my loins and hip are mending gradually to my satisfaction. I cordially thank you for making an inquiry as to the Harness' Battery Belt.

JOHN CLAYTON.

RHEUMATISM.

2, Canal-street, Hart's-hill, Brierley-hill, Staffordshire,
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It is with very great pleasure I am enabled to inform you that your Harness' Battery Belt has done me a great amount of good; I can walk better and quicker, and I can stoop about a great deal better, and I only regret I did not try one before.

W. HARTSHORN.

GENERAL WEAKNESS.

122, Dudley-road, Tividale, Tipton, July 7, 1884.
I received your letter to-day, and, in reply, I am very thankful to tell you I am deriving a great amount of benefit from the Harness' Battery Belt. I feel stronger and better in every way.

JOSEPH ECCLESTON.

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22, Bembridge-street, Mill-street, Liverpool.
Dear Sir, It being now near the end of the month, I wish to report the progress I have made towards recovery from my disease by the use of your Harness' Battery Belt. There is not the slightest doubt but that the Belt has done me a great deal of good. I intend to recommend your Belt to my friends, who I know are thinking of getting one, as your Belts are genuine—not the useless trash sold by a number of firms I know.

JOSEPH COLLINGWOOD.

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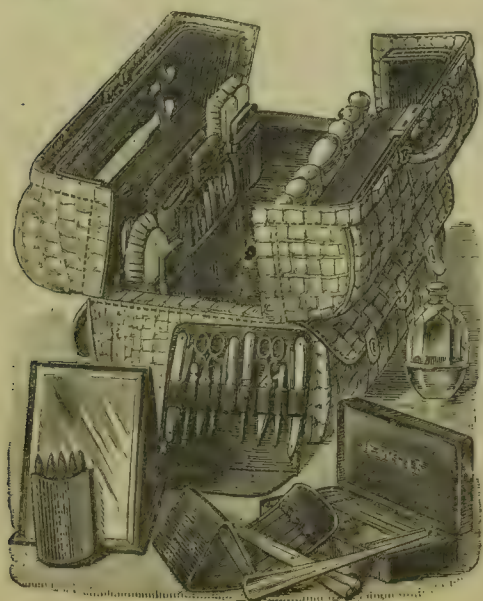
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"You found no trace?" asked Mr. Ware. "You never heard the name?"

"Neither trace nor name. It was the Bad Fortune all through. You may be at ease, gentlemen. When Caleb Quickset fails, it is failure indeed."

Sir Miles continued to pace the room: the attorney sat silent: the Captain crossed his legs and continued to smile.

"You'd better send in the account of your charges at once, Quickset," said Mr. Ware, at last. "For the present, you can go. I'll send for you if I want you again."

It was not a very courteous way for a country attorney to dismiss a Captain in the army: but, as has already appeared, this particular Captain never took offence when he could help it: and, after all, an attorney was but an attorney, and not worth the waste of a gentleman's condescension. So, he rose, bowed, and left the room with his usual graceful ease.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Ware, as soon as the door had closed.

"I'm sure you are," said Sir Miles. "Not that you can know how great a disappointment this is to me. . . . Well: it's over. I suppose, though, we can take for granted that this fellow has done all that any man could have done? I did not take to him, to be sure: but"—

"No, Sir Miles. You mustn't let yourself hope. I wouldn't say that, if it wasn't the kindest thing to say. The fellow was quite right, though it did sound like boasting. If he has failed with such a reward as a thousand pounds for a spur, there's not another man in Kent or England who'd succeed. I wouldn't trust him with sixpence: but he's as sharp as a needle, and there was no room or temptation for his playing false here. If he succeeded, a thousand pounds for his trouble; if he failed fifty, over his charges for his fee; in neither case no secret to sell and no buyer if there were—in a case like that one may safely trust the veriest scamp alive."

"Who is the man?"

"Oh, the old story I expect—probably some small estate spent upon the Jews." When I first knew him, he was playing tragedy in a barn!"

"An actor?" asked Sir Miles, suddenly.

"A player. He got into some sort of trouble: and, though I need not say such things are not in the line of Ware, Smith, and Ware, one of our clients—in fact, it was Parhams, the bankers—had to prosecute, and the circumstances were such that, for once, we thought fit to break our rules. It was odd, but my lad Anthony, who's on the way to the woollack, was retained to defend, at Maidstone Assizes: and he hanged if the young rascal—Anthony, I mean—though 't was but the second brief he'd ever held, didn't get Caleb Quickset clean off, against all the evidence, and his own father besides! I never knew a touch-and-go case better handled in my life than that was by my son Anthony: and he was complimented by the Lord Chief Baron himself, who tried the case, on the way it was done. He got him off, Sir, on the very smallest flaw in the evidence you ever heard of, or ever will. . . . Well, Sir Miles, it did seem hard that a man who'd got off on such a beautiful flaw as that shouldn't have another chance: and, as he seemed a sharp customer, such as the steadiest of firms have a use for now and then, I put an inquiry in his hands that he certainly did work out uncommonly well. He was grateful to my son Anthony, you see: and he didn't remember that the father had been on the other side—Ha! ha! ha! So we've kept him about the office. We find him copying, and such like, where there's no confidence required; and so have him at hand for matters that require—well—say brains."

"Well, old friend, you've done as much for me as mortal man could, I know. We've worked out this last chance; and it's not your fault we've failed." He sighed.

"I'm not so sure, though, Sir Miles, that, though it certainly isn't our fault, it mayn't be yours."

"Mine?"

"Yours," said Mr. Ware, firmly. "If you were to go to my friend Dr. Adams, over the way, and were to hide all your symptoms, it would be more your fault than his if you were left un cured. It's just the same in law. Here you come to me to find you the *Good Fortune*, under circumstances that make it likely enough her loss was concealed by wreckers. Well, that was a straightforward thing enough to do for an old friend and client, without wanting to know more, only it has failed. Now, what would Dr. Adams say, over the way? He'd say, ten to one, that it might have been the simplest case in the world, and that he could have cured you in a twinkling, if he'd only known all. And so I say to you. Mind, I'm not asking for a single confidence. I'd as lief as not let the whole matter alone. But I can't be certain we couldn't have cured the case if we'd known all the symptoms—as a lawyer of more years' standing than I care to think of, I can't, indeed."

"My dear Ware, said the Baronet, "what you say is all just as true as the law and the gospel combined. And I gather one thing from it of which you ought to be proud."

"Ah—of having common-sense, I suppose?" asked the attorney.

"No." —

"Of having a son like Anthony?"

"No. Of never having known what real sorrow means."

"Haven't I though! I've known nine-tenths of the troubles of this half the county—had 'em all on my shoulders ever since I was a boy."

"If you had, you wouldn't ask a man to lay open his heart as if he were showing a surgeon a sore. Your analogy won't stand testing. Analogies never do."

"But it will. A man with a sorrow that won't speak it out to a friend, is—begging your pardon, Sir Miles, a—well, as I don't want to be knocked down in my own office and in my clerk's hearing, I won't say a fool. There. Friendship: it doubles our joys, and halves"—

"Toast and sentiment—toast and water, Ware. But—I wonder if you're right in one way: I wonder if I have been a fool to let silence grow upon me till the very thought of speaking out becomes positive pain. I had to be silent at the beginning of things for cause; and now the cause is gone, it's harder to speak than ever—to indifferent people most of all."

"Look here, Sir Miles," said the attorney, swinging himself round in his chair, "if you call me an indifferent people, I'll do the knocking down myself, client, friend, and baronet as you are. So there again!"

"Ware. If I make a clean breast of the symptoms, will you promise not to look at me till I've done?"

"I'll keep my back to you," said Mr. Ware. "If it's any help to you, I'll shut my eyes."

Sir Miles resumed his walk: the lawyer drew a deed before him, and began to read, or to affect to read busily, just as if he were alone. Many minutes must have passed in this perfect silence, when at last the Baronet leaned against the mantel piece and spoke.

"Did you ever hear of Margaret Garden?" asked he.

"Margaret Garden? No," answered the attorney, carelessly and abstractedly, and making a scratch or two upon the draft deed with his pen. "To have hold receive and take the said part or share unto the said John Jones his exors admors and assigns"—I beg your pardon. Yes: I do remember hearing of Margaret Garden, when I was a young man."

"You mean, you heard her name coupled with mine."

"Boys will be boys—To and for his and their proper use and benefit. Subject nevertheless to such life interest?" —

"Confound you, Ware!" exclaimed the Baronet. "Here am I telling you the secrets of my life, and you're listening as if I were a cobbler talking about a debt of three farthings. You're not listening at all."

"Indeed I am," said the attorney, laying down his pen, "with all my ears, and all my heart too."

"But you never heard, nobody ever heard, how I loved that poor girl. By George, Sir, she never knew it herself until she got the smallpox, and all the despicable libertines that swarmed round her when she was a beauty and a toast dropped off and forgot her as if she were in her grave. Ware—it puts one in a rage with the world."

"Worlds will be worlds."

"As if the smallpox didn't make her lovelier than ever, by George! Of course I married her. And so would any man."

"Married her!" exclaimed the attorney, forgetting his promise, and opening his eyes wide.

"Of course I married her, I say. What makes you look so amazed? Don't people marry every day?"

"Hm! That depends very much, Sir Miles. It isn't every day that an heir to a title and a great estate marries an actress just because she has lost her beauty and her friends. . . . It isn't every day one hears of such a love-match as that, Sir Miles."

"Oh, yes, you do. It's the commonest thing in the world. I'm amazed, Ware, that you, a man of your experience, should be surprised."

"And Sir Matthew never knew?"

"Never. My poor Peggy took it into her head that, instead of being the loveliest, she had become the most hideous of women—all she wanted was to hide her face so that it might never be seen again. Poor girl! We've all got our crazes, Ware: that was hers. It was all I could do to get her to marry me. It was only because I'd have gone to the devil without her that she gave in: and then I had to swear that the whole thing should be a secret between us two. . . . She made up her mind to be dead to everybody but me. She wouldn't have a mirror in the same room with her—much less a pair of strange eyes."

"Hm!" muttered the lawyer; "an actress—hideous and crazy besides. And he married her! No wonder he hid her away." But what he said was unheard.

"We were married in Oxfordshire, privately, by the Reverend Jordan Pengold, who'd been a tutor of mine. I took her to a cottage near our place in Devonshire—if you knew the place you'd know she was invisible there from anybody concerned as if I'd married her with the ring of King Canaules. It's a place where nobody stares and nobody tells."

"I beg your pardon. Did you say that the place is in Utopia. I understood you to say Devon."

"I detest sarcasm, Ware. It's the last resource of a man who wants to be witty, and doesn't know how."

"Well, well. It wasn't in Kent, anyway."

"Meanwhile, I planned to take her abroad. All my people knew I meant to leave England to seek the fortune of a younger son over the eyes in debt: but, of course, they never knew why. I went so far as to send her off before me—of course we could not go together, or the whole thing would be known. . . . Ware—she had not sailed a week when my brothers died."

"Ah—I see now."

"Of course you see. How could I leave my poor father then? I wasn't a good son: but I wasn't a brute, Ware. And how could I tell him that his last living son, his heir, was married to one who—the loveliest and dearest woman on earth—but"—

"I see."

"The world never sees such things as they are."

"Never, Sir Miles."

"I had to put off joining her. Of course I sent her all the money she could need. Of course we wrote, by every ship that could carry a letter. She understood it all. By Heaven, I believe she loved me almost as much as I loved her. The parting couldn't be long, you see. My father never recovered from his great blow. He died at last: and then I sent for my poor girl. It was hard to get her to come back: but she came. No. She never came."

"Never came?"

"No. From that day to this, never have I heard of her again, whether she is dead or alive. And now—and now you know all."

"Ah. . . . But no, Sir Miles. I do not know all. This must have been fifteen years ago."

"Is it not enough—for one man?"

"Isn't it enough, for one man, to have waited before asking after the *Good Fortune*? Of course I've no business to ask: but that's what I mean."

Sir Miles Heron took from his pocket a creased newspaper—such as country newspapers were in those days: a single sheet of four narrow pages, printed in pale ink on rough grey paper, and stained in part with the walnut hue of damp and age. "Read that," said he, pointing to an advertisement on the first page. "This news-sheet came into my hands, with a bundle of old playbills I chanced to be buying, not fifteen weeks ago—let alone fifteen years."

"The Bristol Argus. 'Absconded,' read Mr. Ware, "a black negro boy, thirteen years of age, four feet and four inches high, with silver collar, answering to the name of Pompey."

"Pshaw! What have you got there? It's the next one."

"I see—'To all persons it may concern: this is to give notice that a female child, of supposed name Mabel Openshaw, came ashore from the wreck of the *Good Fortune* (homeward bound) on Sunday se'night: her mother lost at sea: and no kindred known. The said child is thought to be from the West Indian plantations or elsewhere; and (as 'tis conjectured) of the Popish religion, of a fair complexion, and of six years old, less or more. Any person having lawful claim or otherwise to the custody of the said child may hear of the same by making application and paying all charges to Mr. Jeffrey Matthews, Attorney-at-Law, Proctor, and Notary, Wine Street, Bristol. N.B.—The *Good Fortune* went on shore within the Channel at St. . . .'"—*Hiatus valde hiatus*: the paper was here torn through, and the remainder of the advertisement had gone. "A child?" asked Mr. Ware.

"Didn't I tell you we had two children?" sighed the Baronet.

"And Openshaw—who is Openshaw?"

"I was Openshaw. It was my poor Peggy's name off the stage; it was to have been our name abroad."

"And the other child?" asked Mr. Ware, now very grave and attentive indeed.

"The boy? God knows: with his mother in heaven. But the girl *did* live, you see: she may be living now: and she is mine."

"Ay—if she lives: and heiress of Wrenshaw. By Heaven, Sir Miles—why the devil didn't you consult me before? This is a confoundedly serious thing. You have sisters—co-heiresses: some with children of their own. A pretty kettle

of fish if a mermaid drops among them all out of the sea. You've inquired of that Bristol attorney—what's his name—Jeffrey Matthews?"

"Dead. No such office in Bristol for the last dozen years." "Write to your Vicar, down in Devonshire. A parson would be sure to have heard of a child saved alive out of the sea."

Sir Miles handed the attorney a letter. "Read that," said he.

"If I can. It seems written with a rolling-pin. 'Dear Sir Miles,' What's this—Greek? I may skip that, I suppose—I am in receipt of your favour, and I have to inform you that this parish is become a very camarina of iniquity. The arch-fiend hath inspired the farmers to combine to defraud the Church of her dues, so that Ananias, were even he held vile enough to be prisoned in Stoke Juliot for punishment, would seem snow-white among such a goat-fold. It is all I can do to live: and were it not my bounden duty to wrestle against wrong to the death, and to do with all my might what my right hand finds to do, I would shake the dust from my feet, and turn usher in a school. But—Greek again—'We may not look for a good whelp from an ill dog: I have dived deep, and brought up a potsherd. You ask if a certain ship was ever wrecked on these shores. There is no use in asking. If a ship had been lost and a child saved, of course I should have known. If I were ignorant you may be sure that it never happened. Nevertheless, I have made all inquiries; and, as I tell you nothing, you may be certain there is nothing to tell. I should advise you to try the coast of Ireland, or the Goodwin Sands. *Vive et vale. JORDAN PENGOLD.*' What—the parson who married you? I see: Stoke Juliot was his fee." . . .

"I tried all I could to trace my wife fifteen years ago, I have done all I could to trace my daughter now. And *now* tell me that a man who unburies his sorrow to no good end is not a fool."

The attorney handed back the letter. "Not such a fool as the man who hides it, so that it must eat in. Hm—let me see. We must advertise. Mabel Openshaw must hear of something to her advantage, if she applies—and there must be a reward for proof of death or for"—

"It has been done. There, Ware—you see how much you can advise. Only an advertisement—which it's a thousand to one the right person will never see. A thousand? A million to one, and more. . . . Good day."

The attorney accompanied his client to the outer door; then returned, and began to muse. "Oh, what fools we are," he reflected, "when we are young! Sir Miles Heron, of Wrenshaw, with all the world at his feet—married to a mad playwress because nobody else would have her: not because she was lovely, but because she was ugly, and crazy, and without a penny, and without a friend: and for her sake to sacrifice all that the heart of a sane man can desire. Love, indeed! That's not love—unless love's only another name for folly of which a gibbering idiot would be ashamed. And an heiress, may be, to throw all Wrenshaw into common law and chancery, and the Devil himself knows where—unless she's dead, as pray Heaven she may. Thank Fortune Quickset found nothing, because there was nothing to find. Oh that men, before they marry, would take advice—and to think that what young man has done, young man may do. If Anthony ever makes a secret marriage with a mad, ugly, penniless stage-player, I'll—no: there's no chance of that: Anthony's a chip of the old block: and *he's* no fool. . . . Poor fellow—poor fellow. 'Subject nevertheless to such life interest'"—and on he went with the deed.

In short, to drop all further disguise, it will have been gathered by this time that Mr. Anthony Wade had signalled his début at the bar by obtaining the acquittal of as great and as little a rogue as ever twelve of his peers allowed to escape a jail. Nor, by this time, is the reason why the ex-actor, versed in green-room gossip, and with a genius for putting this and that together, should conceal the existence of, and make love to, such an apparently penniless person as the Vicar of Stoke Juliot's ward.

But the Vicar himself—why should he, with his affection for the girl, have written in such wise to his patron as to lie her out of her rights? Could Caleb Quickset himself have answered that question (had it come in his way), then even Caleb Quickset would not have been surprised—he would have been astounded, bewildered, amazed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE STOLEN HORSE: AND THE KEY.

Francis thought over the situation until at last he made up his mind. It is something new of him to say that he thought: but the process did not come so very hard to him after he had once begun and had found out how. Love is the best of schoolmasters—as has been said before.

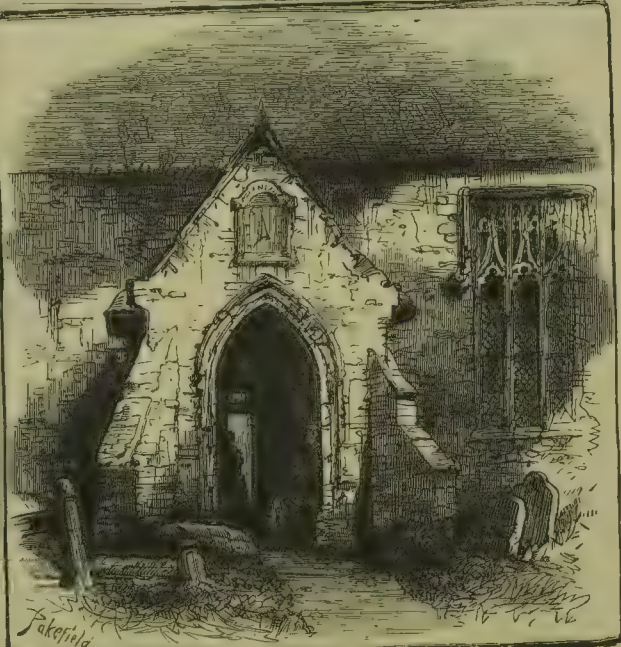
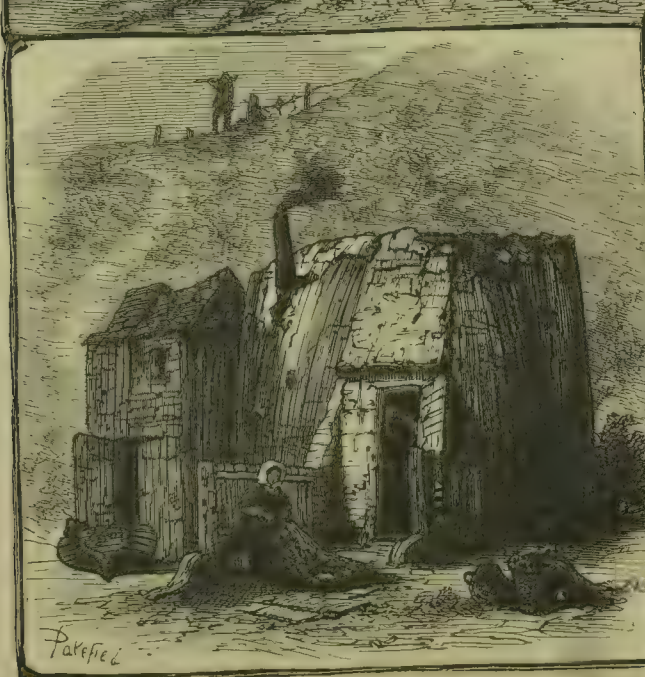
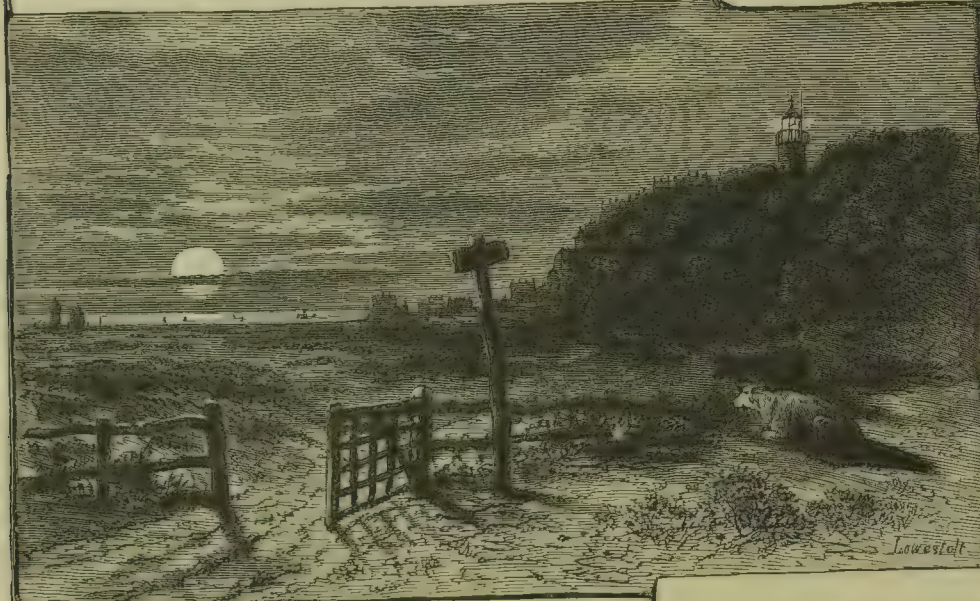
First and foremost obedience to Mabel brooked no delay—therefore he must run no risk of being hindered from starting on his quest forthwith by Mr. Davis, or by some more peremptory and authoritative instrument of the criminal law. It might not be prudent for an innocent man to fly from a possible trial: but then prudence is not among Love's earlier lessons, excellent schoolmaster though he be. That lesson he keeps back till it is too late to be useful. Indeed, it hardly occurred to Francis that his sudden departure would be open to misconstruction: and if it did, he assuredly did not care. On the other hand, the poacher must not be deprived of his solitary believer and protector. Outside the woods, the creature was clearly as helpless and as ignorant as a child—his wits seemed to need the shelter of leaves for blossoming. There was only one thing for it—he himself must go forthwith, and Cucumber Jack must go with him. Anyhow, it was impossible to go off even on Mabel's service and leave an innocent man to be hanged on his own confession.

By the time he had seen the end of a good number of pipes, he had mapped it all out in his mind. He would, of course, see Mabel herself once more. Then, that very night, he would make the poacher walk with him the fourteen miles to Barnstaple, where he would find the grey mare, see Mr. Haynes about Quickset's money, raise what he would require for a voyage, rig out the poacher as a valet, and then take passage from Plymouth, or wherever else circumstance should decide. His notion of the Indies, East or West, was as vague as most people's: but no doubt he would at Plymouth find a vessel about to sail for some port of either one Indy or another. That was an after concern. Meanwhile, sufficient unto the day would be the parting vision of Mabel: for thence his thoughts had started, and there, having made their circle, they settled down again.

So, taking all precautions against observation from Mrs. Drax, he made his new and most unwelcome and inconvenient guest comfortable with beef, bread, and tobacco (ale the savage would not hear of); and, having obtained a promise, more binding in this case than bolts and bars, that the poacher would continue to sit cross-legged in the loft till his return, he set out church-wards. His Princess was in her bower, and she looked so lovely in his sight that his will wavered, and he felt that to leave her even to win her—how hard it would be.

"Mabel," said he—"I am come to say good-bye."

Her heart leaped; but it took no part in her voice, as she asked, with a gentle surprise, "Good-bye?"



RAMBLING SKETCHES; LOWESTOFT AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.



BIG HORN STALKING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

"Yes—I am not going to lose one needless hour. . . . I am off to seek for you, Mabel, all the world over: and, please God, to find."

How could she help being proud of her power? And if Nance Derrick had been right, and this troublesome lover was truly a secret brigand, how could she help being all the prouder still? There is no glory in taming a good young man: but a candidate for the mantle of Horneck—that triumph would surely make the best of girls proud.

"You are really going!—Oh, if I were only going too.—No: I don't mean that, Mr. Carew. But I do envy you: I do wish I were a man."

"And I couldn't go, without hearing you bid me good speed."

"Of course—I don't know—suppose you find out that I am what you would not wish me to be?"

"As if! When you are you. What else matters to me? I don't know how it is, Mabel; but I had so much to say to you, and now it is all gone. I was wondering as I came along if I should never see you again, and if you would care. That was one thing. And then—"

"Pray don't think of such things as that!" said she, ever so little conscience stricken. For foreign travel, even though no further than Exeter or Launceston, meant a great deal to the Stoke Juliot mind: and besides, there were wars in those days, as even in Stoke Juliot was vaguely known. "Oh, you will come back again?"

"And then?" asked he, looking wistfully into her bright eyes.

"Then? Why then I may be dead myself," said she, lightly. "If you choose to talk in that way, so will I. I was saying how I envied you your travels—the mountains, the cities, the women, the men, the—the—all sorts and kinds of beautiful and wonderful things—"

"One doesn't think of all that," said Francis, "when the most beautiful and the most wonderful of all he leaves behind."

"That is too handsome a compliment not to take and keep," said she, curtsying with mock formality. She seemed to be in a new mood to-day—it is true, he had never seen her twice in the same, and each seemed to best become her. "Who knows," she asked, "of this quest of yours but me?"

"Not a soul. I wish none to know. I wish to come back, some day, as suddenly as I go, bringing all the good news that I know it will be. There is something—what *can* I call it?—something sacred about what I do for you, Mabel, that if it were only breathed upon would seem to spoil. Is that nonsense? I wish to Heaven, dear, I could put it into words: but all words, confound them, are only fit for people who feel nothing at all."

"You won't even tell the Vicar?"

"I suppose I must tell him. He would think I am false or insincere, if I go now, when—and yet how should I tell him so that he could understand? I wish there were nobody but you and I in the whole world!"

"No. You could never make him understand. But I can. Leave that to me."

It is possible that she really half meant to tell why her lover left her as soon as there was talk of putting up the banns. But such a promise was infinitely precious to Francis: it sounded like a declaration of alliance in a common cause.

"And this—is this the last time I shall hear your voice, and see your face, and breathe the same air with you, for God knows how long," said he; his own voice trembling, and his own eyes feeling moist for the first time since his mother died. The simplest impulse made him hold out his hand for hers. "God bless you, dearest," he said, more firmly. "I ask you nothing more before I go—only some least token that will not die like a flower: and—and—to kiss your hand."

No human creature, not being dumb, had less eloquence than Francis Carew: no human creature, having any sort of soul, was less apt for sympathy than Mabel Openshaw. But she was really moved: and, hating the man as she thoroughly believed, and of set purpose sending him on a wild goose chase to be rid of him, she was half surprised by her own emotion, and half ashamed. Yet, after all, it is just the shallowest pools that are the most easily stirred. And, after all, he did deserve something for his pains: and since no reward was to follow, simple justice, or simple mercy (there is no difference) demanded that he should not be left wholly without a fee. So, divinely blushing—no great achievement for her transparent skin—she gave him her cheek instead of her hand. "Good speed!" said she.

If he had only guessed that his were not the first lips to touch that exquisite and fragrant bloom! Well—after all, it is in Fools' Paradise that grow the greatest joys. He was armed for all things now: even for parting. What could he wish for more—at any rate, for another hour?

No doubt he should have taken her in his arms and to his heart, then and there. But never yet did a man truly in love, to the point of worship, do the right thing just at the right time. And the misfortune of one who has never before loved a lady, even in the poorest sense of loving, is that he is apt to mistake her for something more than woman; and the meaner have been his *amourettes*, the less likely is he to see in her any likeness to the women he has known. Francis had kissed the cheek of a goddess: and what mere mortal should dare more? Nay, the goddess herself had stooped to him of her own accord—and what goddess could do more? For he had not learned much mythology at Knotsham Grammar School, and knew not how much more goddesses used to do.

He successfully avoided the desecration of an interview with Parson Pengold, and returned by some needlessly round-about way home, drunken, as the poet says, without wine. Nothing had happened while he was away—indeed, there was nothing to happen, unless Mr. Davis had taken advantage of his absence to be troublesome, which, after the experiences of last night, was by no means likely.

"I'm going on a journey, Mrs. Drax," said he, without preface, and in the most indifferent way in the world. "Most likely I shall be gone some time. You'll look after the house, of course; and I'll get Haynes to let the place to one of the farmers—young Hale, that's going to marry the Parson's Tamzin, wants a farm of his own, I hear."

"I suppose that means you've settled to be married yourself, Squire Carew," said she. "Well—better that than such goings on of a night that a place isn't fit to be seen of a morning. I suppose you'll be carrying off the lady to a tower." (Query—on a tour?) "And when'll the mistress be to home? I only ask, so to know when I'm to turn myself out of doors."

"Whenever I marry, Mrs. Drax, depend on it you'll know all about it, and won't suffer. I am going to make a voyage—alone. Do you understand? I leave to-night: and if you're not content with having Hornacombe all to yourself, and nobody to overlook you, you're hard to please."

"No, Sir," said she: "I'm not hard to please. I may have my faults: but hard to please—no: that'll never be put on my grave. I'll stay: because I hate to see waste and ruin, and any other woman would waste in a week what I couldn't save in a year. I'll stay; but 'twill be for your sake: it won't

be for mine. There's some thinks they can keep house on nothing a day, and find themselves."

"Oh, I'll arrange about money matters with Haynes."

"Going voyaging alone. That's what the man's son did in the tale—and 'twas to worse than wives he came to, and husks, and swine. The old Squire never stirred from Hornacombe, till he was walked to the churchyard—but I'll do my duty, Squire, never fear, so long as my name's Mabina Drax, if I've got to go on the parish—but service is no heritage."

Francis began to think that even for a bachelor, whose property is of the sort he cannot put in his pocket, to leave domestic cares behind him at a moment's notice is no such easy thing as it sounds. Nevertheless, Mabel had given him an all-sufficing talisman against every common care: and he could not feel out of temper towards even this ancient servant—especially as he was going, at any rate, to leave her behind. So he gave her the two or three orders that occurred to him, feeling certain that they would not be obeyed, and then returned to his prisoner. Cucumber Jack was still smoking, and still cross-legged: it was just as though he had taken his instructions literally, and never moved a limb.

"My man," said he, thinking it useless to argue the question, and impossible to explain his plans, "are you game for a walk to Barnstaple?"

"To jail?"

"No, no. To liberty. I'm going a long way off: and Barnstaple's the first stage. And you must come too."

"Well, yes: and well, no. . . . I can't think what's come to me, Squire. I don't seem to rhyme no longer with anything at all, be it what it may. . . . Out of the woods, I don't seem to know my butt hand from my trigger hand, or my eyes from my ears, or my head from my heels. I'm as clean lost under this thatch as you were under the Mother Beech: and as I can't get back there, Barnstaple or Blazes is all one to me."

"Be it Barnstaple, then. Look here—you've led your sort of life too long: you are dazzled, you see, like coming out of the pitch dark into the light of twenty candles. What's to be done with you in the end, Heaven knows: but you must come into my service for a while."

"Must I? Then I suppose I must—that's all. I never thought to make man my master: but the devil drives."

More and more Francis was finding it hard to realise the identity of this lethargic fatalist with the alert and light-hearted woodsman, who lived of choice and with enjoyment a life of hardship and loneliness from which any ordinary man would have recoiled. Under the shadow of the trees, and shut up in a stable-loft, he seemed two separate beings even while the same—the one all vigour, self-reliance, and quickness of hand and eye: the other a helpless log, without a symptom of sense or a whit of ill. Francis could not divine the cause in the least more skilfully than ninety-nine men of a hundred would have done, and would still do: but he recognised the effect, especially as it made his own plans the easier to fulfil. What was he to do with him, though, as soon as he was beyond the reach of English law? However, once more sufficient unto the day was its own evil: he must first get this helpless incumbrance out of the law's reach, before he could even think of getting it off his own hands.

As he would procure all he required for his indefinite voyage at Barnstaple and Plymouth, his packing was but slight—indeed, it consisted entirely of half a pound of tobacco, a couple of pipes, a pocket-flask well filled, a sword-cane, twenty guineas in gold and silver, and an exceedingly withered dahlia carefully put up in a silver snuff-box that had belonged to the late Squire. "I am off, Mrs. Drax," said he, paying a last visit to the kitchen as soon as his preparations were made. "Wish me good luck!"—and he held out his hand.

"It'll be no fault of mine," said the good woman, "if you come to harm. I wish you the best luck, I'm sure: but whether you'll get it is not for me to say. And what I look for's more like to come to pass than what I wish for, for the one's always, and the other never at all. So I wish—"

"There, there, Mrs. Drax, if that's what wishing comes to I think we'll leave it alone. Pray look for something very good, and wish for something very bad: and no doubt I'll find you something in foreign parts worth your looking for if I find Hornacombe where I left it when I come home again. Good-bye."

He carried into the loft a bundle of some half-worn clothes of his own, and bade the poacher put them on. He had half feared trouble on this score: but the latter, though awkwardly enough, obeyed. That day's and night's imprisonment seemed to have reduced the wild man of the woods to a mere machine, whose wires anybody might pull at will. And when the burly Squire's over-large garments were wrapped round him he looked the most deplorably wretched of creatures that ever wore decent clothes. Not a vestige of his grace was left him—nay, his very features became vulgarised, and such light as had remained in them was gone. It was a miserable transformation altogether—and, as it seemed, even less of the body than of the mind. Neither before nor after the process of dressing did the poor wretch utter a word.

Just as dull was the dark walk to Barnstaple. Francis stepped out stoutly, full of love and strength: the ex-poacher stole noiselessly after him like his ghost or shadow. Though every step parted Francis further and further from her he loved, I doubt if that night contained a much happier man in all Devonshire. The free savage and poet had not been more completely changed into the ill-dressed and vacant-minded clown than the victim of empty-heartedness and blue devils into the knight errant seeking adventures for the sake of his love and his lady. For, though every step meant further parting, his lips still thrilled and burned with their first kiss, and his heart was singing Hope's first and sweetest song. And if ever man meant winning, that man was Francis Carew.

It was just past midnight when they reached Barnstaple, and Francis proceeded straight to the King's Head, where he was known. The house seemed asleep: but he rang up the boots, who fetched the hostler.

"I've come," said Francis, "for my grey mare; and for beds for myself and my man."

He walked into the coffee-room as he spoke, where a guest was still sitting, in company with a decanter and a plate of biscuits, over the dying fire—a bagman, probably, or at any rate somebody of that sort or level.

"Your honour's grey mare, Mr. Carew!" exclaimed the hostler, screwing sleep out of his eyes.

"Nothing's happened to her?" asked Francis.

"Why—sure, Mr. Carew, she went off with your honour's friend."

"Good Heaven! Wasn't she left here?"

"Left here, Sir? Oh, she left all right enough."

"And Captain Quickset didn't even leave a message?"

"Not with me, Mr. Carew," said waiter and hostler together. Gradually it began to dawn upon Francis that, where a horse is concerned, even an officer and a gentleman may see no particular harm in doing by his friend as his friend would be perfectly welcome to try to do by him. Only Francis did not put the matter so delicately to himself: and, in a word, he swore.

"Why, the fellow's a horse-stealer, besides all else!" he

exclaimed. "I wouldn't have sold that mare for a hundred guineas. Which road did he go?"

The bagman, or whoever he was, rose, and came forward with a bow.

"Perhaps I can be of service," said he. "You are inquiring after one Quickset. Have I the honour of addressing Mr. Francis Carew of Hornacombe?"

"That is my name, Sir," said Francis, a little surprised—though it was true he had been addressed in the stranger's hearing as Mr. Carew. "And if you can put me in the way of finding that mare, I shall be eternally grateful. I want her, for I am leaving these parts, and with speed."

"Then Mr. Carew," said the stranger, "you have saved me a journey to Hornacombe to-morrow: and I will save you a journey in return." He drew a folded document from his breast, and touched Francis lightly with it on the shoulder.

"Francis Carew, it is my duty, on this warrant, to arrest you on the charge of the wilful murder of Philip Derrick, in the Parish of Stoke Juliot: and I charge these good men here to stand by and aid me, in the name of his Majesty King George."

Without giving himself time for a single thought, Francis let out with his fist, and sent the officer flying into the fire-place, and scattering the embers: then, before hostler or waiter could recover their wits, he was out of the coffee-room, across the yard, and away. Footsteps followed him: but he knew they were Jack's, and he did not pause. To be stopped on the very threshold of Mabel's quest by such a thing as this—it was not to be borne. It was a moonlight night by the almanac, so no lamps were lighted in the streets: so, as the moon did not choose to obey the almanac, he had the darkness to help him. Up one street and down another he ran till he had put some dozen turnings between himself and the King's Head: then he drew rein.

He was hot and breathless: but Jack, despite his unfamiliar garments, was cool enough to deserve his nickname. While recovering his wind and wiping his brow, he felt something cold and hard pressed into his hand.

"What's this?" asked he. "A key?"

"I learned what that's for when I was in quad at Bideford," said the poacher. "And they're in quad now, themselves."

"What—you've looked the coffee-room door on them? By George, you're not quite such a fool as I was getting to take you for. But—talking of fools—what am I! What the devil's to be done now?"

And he had to answer that question himself: for the poacher again seemed to lose the use of his wits and his tongue.

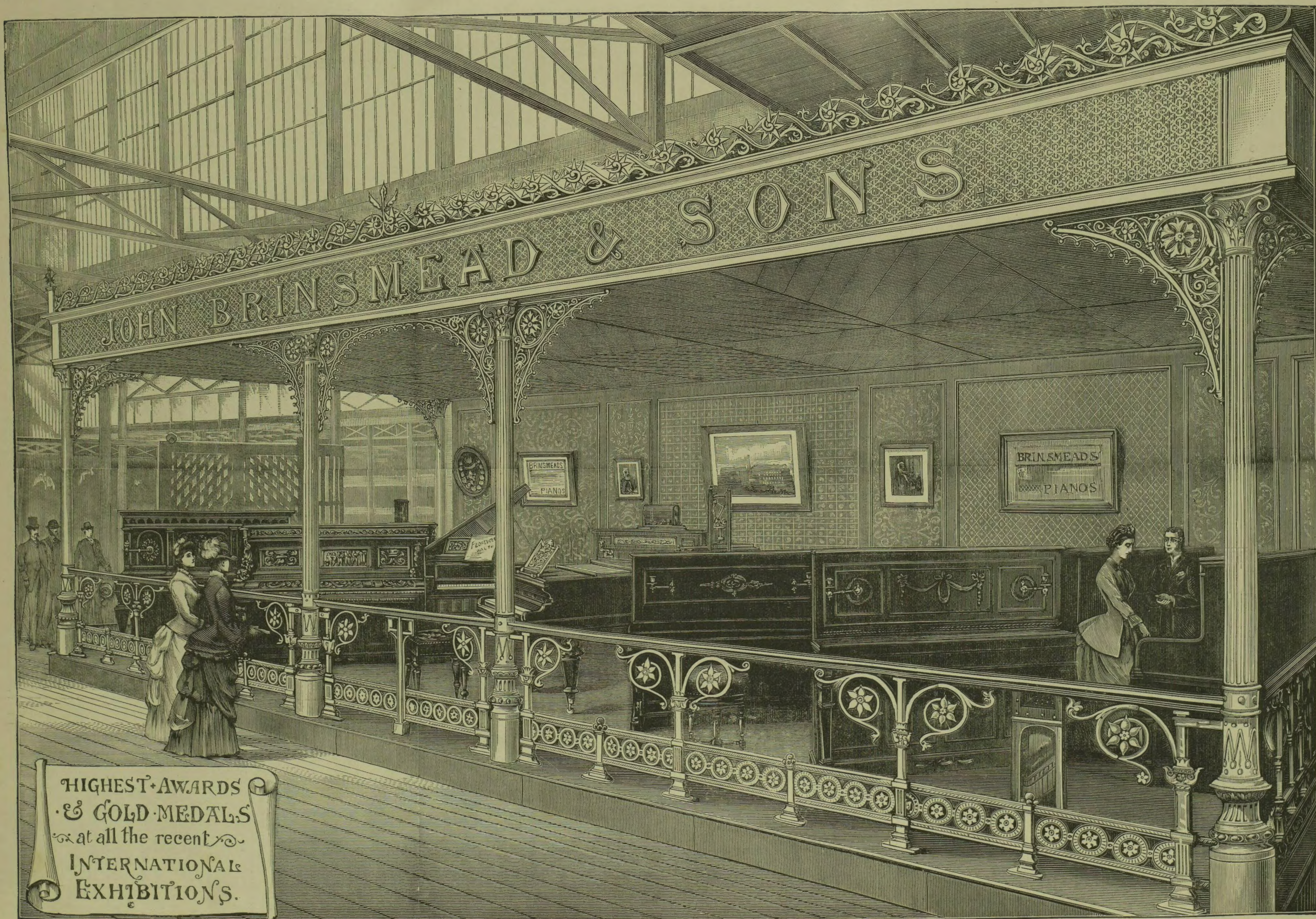
(To be continued.)

LOWESTOFT AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

This page of "Rambling Sketches" does not show much of the modern improvements in the harbour, the town, and the accommodation for summer visitors, which have made Lowestoft a favourite seaside resort and a place of increasing maritime traffic. The Artist has been rather in search of picturesque bits of rurality and antiquity in the quiet vicinity, a short walk from the grand Esplanade and South Pier which together form one of the finest marine promenades on the east coast of England. The North Pier is chiefly devoted to the import of cattle from Germany, Denmark, and Holland, and to the fishery trade, which has good facilities of conveyance to London by the East Suffolk railway. These piers, 1300 ft. long, are constructed of massive timbers braced together, the intervals being filled with blocks of stone. A circular lighthouse on each pier, exhibiting brilliant signals, guides the approaching vessel to the entrance of the harbour, which has twenty acres of water-space, with a depth of 21 ft. at low tide. The inner harbour is formed by the ancient outlet of the river Waveney, and by a creek, or continuation of the stream, which communicates with the Breydon water behind Yarmouth. It is separated by a lock from the outer, but receives coasting vessels, and is furnished with capacious wharves and warehouses. It is the port of a rich agricultural district, and of the towns of Beccles and Bungay, situated up the river, while it shares with Yarmouth some of the Norwich trade. The piece of water, two miles long, which stretches inland south-west of Lowestoft, has from time immemorial been called Lake Lothing. This may probably have given its name to the town, with the addition of "tolt," which in East Anglian speech meant a cluster of houses. It stands on a high cliff overlooking the sea. Below this are the Denes, a long range of sandy levels and hillocks of sand, curiously varied in surface, interspersed with grass-plots, shrubberies, and small groves of trees, planted by the owners of seaside villas. It is a very pretty prospect from any part of the cliff, except where buildings for the curing of herrings and other fishery work extend along the beach. Queer little dwellings, like that inhabited by the Peggotty family at Yarmouth, made of portions of old ships or boats, as snug as ordinary rustic labourers' cottages, nestle under the warm side of the cliff. The old town above has many quaint corners; steep narrow alleys and flights of steps leading down to the beach. It is older even than Yarmouth, the site of which, indeed, still lay under water at the time Lowestoft was founded. There was a Roman military station here, or not far from here. To the north and to the south of Lowestoft, within easy distance, are places worthy of a visit in a morning stroll. Pakefield has an ancient parish church, and an old Hall, stately in its time, which is now a farmhouse. On the north side is the village of Corton, with its Church of St. Bartholomew, partially restored, but still retaining the square embattled tower, with buttresses, half overgrown with ivy, which our Artist has sketched.

BIG HORN HUNTING, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The lamented death of the Hon. Gilbert Leigh, M.P., whose body was found some days ago at the foot of a precipice in the mountainous territory of Wyoming, in North America, has brought into notice the name of the "Big Horn Range." The Argali Big Horn (or Ovis Montana) is a kind of wild sheep, peculiar to that region, which is of large size, standing about three and a half feet high at the shoulder, and the horns of the male, three feet long, form almost a complete circle, inclining outward and downward from the head. It was in hunting this singular animal, which haunts the loftiest grazing-grounds on the Rocky Mountains, that Mr. Leigh encountered the fatal accident reported last week. The Big Horn gives its name to a river, which flows into the Yellowstone from the south-west, and to a broad range of lofty mountains, situated in about latitude 44 N., longitude 108 W., north of the Wind River Range, rising up in the most elevated part of the great plains east of the main Cordillera. This country is still inhabited by the Sioux Indians, and the United States Government maintains several forts or military posts there to check their occasional depredations. Our Illustration represents a Big Horn hunting-scene, to which some interest may attach on account of the melancholy event that has recently occurred.



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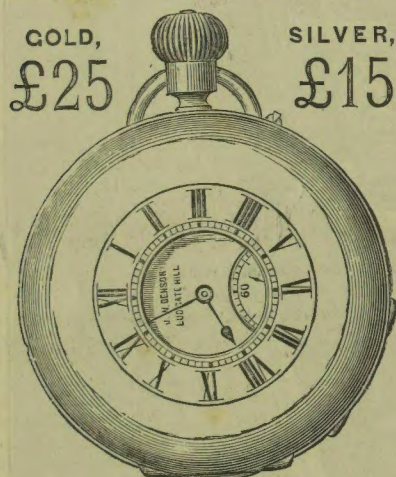
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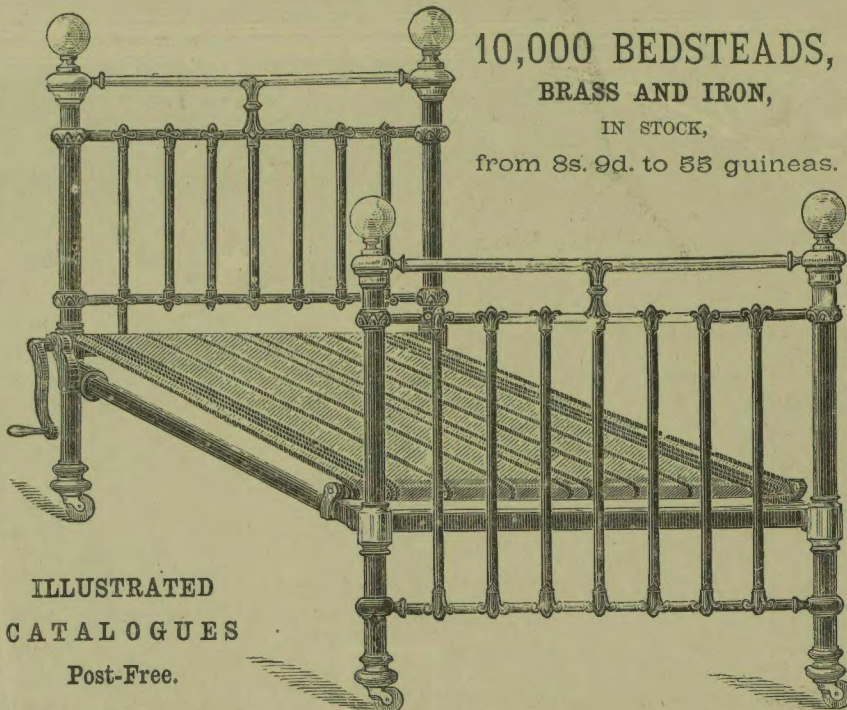
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